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NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A Tale of Kentucky.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED]

Lockwood, on the previous night, had suspected and even hoped that the light of day would dispel the beauty of the Indian girl. He doubted not that he could discover some irregularity of feature or defect of person when he subjected her to the scrutiny of open day. But nothing of the kind was realized. Instead of this the charm of her loveliness grew more potent and interested him more. More than once or twice during the trying ordeal of the morning, had he detected himself gazing with a sort of fascination at Eyelight. How appropriate was the name. What poetical thoughts it inspired. He had dreamed of her during the past night. He queried what her fate would be, and whose lodge she would lighten with her presence. Would she become the wife of some savage brave, and settle down into the unromantic drudgery of Indian life? He hoped not. It made him sad to think of such a possibility. The hand that fashioned her so admirably must have reserved something better for her.

A feeling of regret stole insensibly upon him as he weighed the chances of her probable future. He sighed. The interest which he felt must have been manifested in his friendly looks as he approached the object of his speculations, for she blushed and averted her eyes.

"Eyelight," he said, "for it is thus I have heard you called—my instincts assure me—and human instincts are often unerring—that I am indebted to you for any favor that has been shown me by your chiefs. I know, I am sure that your presence softened the stern purpose of Alabamon and also his warlike son. I read in the eyes of Trailseer that the softest touch of your hand had a strong persuasion in it to move him according to your wishes. Cherokee girl, nature has gifted you wondrously. That such a flower blooms in this wilderness is to me matter of surprise. May your gentle voice ever be heard asking mercy for the captive."

In uttering these words the borderer naturally adopted that kindly and affable manner that he knew so well how to employ in the expression of his sentiments, and which gave a charm, frequently, to the most common place phraseology.

"Cloudysky," she answered, in the dialect of her people, "if I shrink from deeds of cruelty and blood, it is because the Great Spirit endowed me with a softer nature than that which animates the bosom of warriors. If I speak a word for the pale-face, it is because I reflect that all races have the love of life, that death is equally painful to all."

For a brief space Lockwood was unable to frame a suitable reply. There was an indescribable enchantment in her voice that thrilled him to the heart.

"Eyelight," he at length responded, "to behold you gives me both pleasure and sorrow. I have pleasure in your exceeding comeliness, and the gentle dictates of humanity that you evince, and in obedience to which you seem to act; and I have sorrow in picturing the future which is before you, surrounded as you are by elements rude and barbarous."

Eyelight looked up and smiled.

"Cloudysky, the daughter of the Cherokee is not so savage but she comprehends something of your meaning. She is not so savage but nature interprets to her the intent with which you address her. Think not, O Cloudysky, that this dusky skin shuts her out from the better sympathies of humanity. Dream not, O pale-skin, that the airs of the forest bring her no lessons of wisdom. She communes with that invisible spirit of instruction that lives eternal in nature. She hears whisperings from the mountains; voices from the valleys; words from the waving woods, and receives teachings from all things animate and inanimate."

"I can well believe it, O daughter of the red man," returned the borderer, with enthusiasm. "Your voice, your manner, the tenor of your thoughts, and the dreamy light of your eyes, all assure me that you have drank in that inspiration that dwells forever in the Beautiful. God grant that we meet not often! Alas for Trailseer!"

"Cloudysky," she spoke impressively; "what have you to fear from a simple child of nature; one who has dwelt among forests, and descended from a people altogether unlike your own?"

"I know too well what I should fear. And now I would ask what treatment I may expect from Alabamon?"

"His present mood is dangerous."

"And is it not in your power to change it, and incline him to listen to the proposals I came to make?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, thoughtfully. "My influence has at times, been considerable; but I have tested its power, perhaps, too often."

"He called you daughter, and yet Trailseer loves you not with the love of a brother."

At the mention of Trailseer, Eyelight looked inquiringly at the borderer.

"I am but an adopted daughter," she said, "but beloved not the less, perhaps, for that. Cloudysky, the Cherokee girl will try to save you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

It was not without anxiety that Lockwood awaited the events of the coming day. Those events might be fatal to him, and indeed had every prospect of being so. But there was now no method of escape. Inasmuch as Trailseer had generously become responsible for his appearance, it was incumbent upon him to remain, whatever the consequences might be. Escape, under circumstances then existing, was not to be thought of. We cannot pause to trace the train of reflections that employed his mind as he lay in his lonely lodge that night. That Judith and Eyelight mingled strangely in his dreams when he slept, is true. The consciousness of impending peril could not banish them from his waking reveries, or from his sleeping fancies. He wondered at his own fickleness; he was alarmed at the waywardness of his own nature. He was ready to imagine that some singular madness had seized him, and manifested itself most palpably in his suddenly conceived admiration for Eyelight. He reproached himself without measure. He endeavored to regard his interest in the Indian girl as a thing unnatural; as a great wrong to Judith. To be sure he might never meet the latter again in his life; but is became him, nevertheless, to be true to her memory while he lived.

Possibly he was disposed to consider his newly-born feeling toward Eyelight in too serious an aspect. It might prove but one of those short-lived passions, that, like the mushroom, spring up at night to die in the morning. Passion! No! he would not call this passing fancy by so significant an appellation. He would term it a butterfly of the moment, and think of it no more. Did he not cherish the warmest possible friendship for Judith Waldron? He did; he was sure of it. Therefore he would cease to be a dreamy idealist, and cast out the continually obtruding image of Eyelight.

Such was the tenor of the borderer's meditations during the wakeful portions of the remaining day and night, and they were of that character when he awoke in the morning. He had indulged in this particular and rather paradoxical train of thought a considerable time, when he became aware by the noise and clamor that something unusual was passing without. He ran to the door and heard a voice that he could not but instantly recognize as Obed Slingsby's.

"Verily, sister Philena, we have fallen into the hands of the cruel heathen, who have no knowledge of the writings of the gifted Lodovic Maggleton. I am full of fear and trembling, and my bones do quake within me. From the crown of my head to the sole of my foot there is no soundness in me, but hacks, and bruises, and putrifying sores, that have not been softened with oil or aggravated with ointment. Ah—ah!"

The truth of the case was, that a small war-party had returned from a successful expedition, and Obed and Philena Foote were prisoners, and now appeared in a woful plight.

"We shall be roasted alive at the stake, at the p'int of the horrid bagonet! Our lives is cut short; and our sands is wasted. And this comes of crossin' the limits of my sex, and listenin' to the persiflage of them that is younger, which drawed me on agin my better judgment, and to the scatterin' of my ashes. Mournful spectakel!"

"Truly, these are troublesome times. All that a man hath will he give for his life. Is there no one who can deliver us out of the hands of these Philistines? If they would allow me to be alone a few moments, I would e'en make use of those powerful invocations prescribed by the good Lodovic in the hours of danger," returned Obed, lugubriously.

"Say 'em as you are; for, perchance, they'll have the same influence as if you were alone, upon your knees. But I'm afraid all hope is past."

"To tell the truth, my mind is so much disturbed that I cannot now remember one of those potent formulas. These Amalekites have driven everything of a potential nature from my memory. Verily, I can recollect nothing but scalping-knives and fire-brands. Truly, I think I smell fire; there must be a large one kindled hereabouts. Sister Philena, can you see anything like pitch pine splinters?"

"In the terrible state of society now prevailin' among the Ingins, I hear that they keep cart-loads of pitch and sich combustibles continually on hand. Goodness gracious! I know that things of this painful and heatin' natur will give me a powerful turn. Smoke is horrid for the complexion, and live embers is far parst the powers of the comprehension."

Philena looked around upon the savage faces in hopes to see some signs of pity, but was evidently disappointed.

"We are even as brands for the burning," said Obed, mournfully. "Nobody will save us. Ah—ah!"

"Brother Slingsby, if but one of us is to be saved, the limits of my sex demands that that one should be me. As a woman I am entitled to the first chances of a rescue. Mr. Slingsby, do try and knock down this terrible state of society, where all my feelin's of delicacy wont be outraged. Why, in the name of goodness don't you make an effort and not allow me to be burnt afore your eyes!" added Philena, in the excess of her terror, forgetting all but the idea of self-preservation.

"Verily, my female friend," returned Obed, rebukingly, "if but one chance of escape offered, that chance should be taken by the individual whose sphere of usefulness in the world would be the widest. In such a case it would be your duty and mine to sacrifice and let me go forth as a bright and shinin' light for the illumination of the nations that sit in heathenish darkness. But this is a vain imagination. The way of escape is closed up, and we are encompassed about by a red host of heathen. Yes and truly."

Obed tipped most solemnly upon his toes, and his face presented a melancholy elongation.

"I hope I sha'n't hear no persiflage at this tryin' hour, nor be forced to lose my good opinion of one whom I've looked upon as one of the saints. Brother Slingsby, if I'm to be burnt with blazin' fagots and bagonets, it'll be a comfort to have you burnt with me. It would give me a powerful turn to have you get away and leave me to go through with the pitch and splinters, in this terrible state of society that prevails among the Ingins. Ah—ah!"

"Ah—ah!" echoed Obed.

At that moment Philena perceived the well-known form of Lockwood.

"O, Mr. Lockwood, if you have any regard for the limits of my sex, save me without delay! You know well enough that females shouldn't be burnt. If you can't save me no other way, its your duty to take my place and be burnt for me. O, it would be a pleasin' spectakel of magnanimity!"

"I will do what I can for you; but you must remember that I am also a prisoner, and in equal danger of the fate you so much dread."

"Dear me! It's a mournful comfort to realize that I'm not alone in my misery; but that others suffer with me. I know it wont hurt so bad if others suffer with me."

Lockwood assured her that he would do his utmost in her behalf.

"As a chosen instrument in the midst of a crooked generation, I trust you will mention me first, to these heathen, as an object of clemency!" said Obed, appealing to the borderer. "And in retu n for this favor, should you succeed in snatching me as a brand from the burning, I will place in your hands at the earliest possible opportunity some of the discourses of the celebrated Lodovic Maggleton. As one of the salts of the earth, my life possesses more value than that of this weak-minded woman. Yes and truly!"

"Selfish wretch! This comes of all my devotion to your interests and the public professions of your doctrines. You're the ungratefulest monster that ever walked! Let 'em bring in the pitch and splinters. I long to see 'em set agoin'—pervidin' they don't parse the limits of my sex and give me a powerful turn with 'em, which I trust they wont, notwithstandin' the terrible state of society that's prevalent. Brother Slingsby, you're a mournful spectakel!"

Eyelight, the adopted daughter of Alabamon, now appeared and seemed filled with pity for the captives. Philena would have cast herself at her feet had not the stern captors hurried her away.

Some time elapsed before Lockwood saw either of the prisoners again. He passed the day in momentary expectation of being summoned before Alabamon; but no such summons came. That day and the following and many succeeding days passed in the same expectation, with the same results. He walked the village at will, and in no instance met with insult or abuse. The Indians either quietly avoided him or treated him with stately hospitality. All this excited his wonder; but he had sufficient tact to affect as much stoical indifference as the most redoubtable Cherokee brave. He had made up his mind to shun Eyelight. Fealty to Judith required this, he believed. He acted up to this resolution several days, and then broke over its restraint entirely. He walked and talked with the fair Cherokee. On her part there was no obvious attempt to appear otherwise than natural, and as one of her station and blood should. There was no visible effort to attach him to herself. She was calm and dignified, yet affable. His society she never, apparently sought, or encouraged him to seek hers. When they met it seemed purely by accident, or by some management on the part of Lockwood. He never paid more obsequious court to Judith Waldron than he now did to Eyelight. At periods—neither few in number nor at long intervals—his conscience administered severe and deserved rebuke. He loved Judith—he was charmed with Eyelight. He was held in gentle bondage by the first—he was kept in sweet captivity by the other; he was enchanted by both. This was an extraordinary and unenviable state of mind to be in; but he knew not how to extricate himself from the dilemma.

He made daily inquiries respecting Obed and Philena, but obtained but little information regarding them. That they were kept close prisoners in a small fort at the extremity of the village, he had good reason to suppose; but why they were thus kept was to him an inexplicable mystery.

The borderer found himself in double captivity—to Alabamon and to Eyelight. He could break from neither. Honor bound him to one, and a species of fascination to the other. Weeks passed in this manner.

One night Lockwood was awakened from a sound sleep by being shaken by the arm. Arising to a sitting posture, he beheld the forester standing beside him.

"I am Neverfail and this is Suredeath. Get up and let us go."

"It is impossible," said Lockwood.

"I aint parfict—none of us is parfict—but I should like to know what hinders?" the forester answered.

"My word. Trailseer is answerable for my appearance before Alabamon whenever it shall please him to summon me. This is why I cannot return to Fort Waldron," said Lockwood, taking his friend's hand.

"On your parole, like?"

"Yes, it amounts to that; therefore I cannot go with you. But I thank you for your friendly purpose just as heartily. God bless your brave heart!"

"Honor is honor, and it's among thieves, I've heard; and I wont try to shake your determination, because I should act the same in your situation. Then ag'in, there's other considerations that's not without weight with you."

"What considerations, my friend?"

"The eyes of Eyelight," rejoined Neverfail.

"Nightwalker!" The forester and Lockwood turned with a start of genuine surprise toward the speaker. She stood in the door of the lodge.

"Nightwalker, your way is yonder. Make haste to tread it, for Trailseer is satir and his eyes are like the eyes of the eagle. Depart before the war whoop of the Cherokee disturbs the still air of midnight. Go in peace." Eyelight pointed toward the dark line of forest in the foreground.

"Yes—hurry as you value life!" exclaimed Lockwood.

"Fear not. I shall do well. I am not one to be easily taken. This you know," holding up his rifle—"is Suredeath! Woe to Alabamon, if a hair of your head falls to the ground by violence. Tell him that Neverfail sends him timely warning. If you die by his hand, Suredeath will have a talk with his proud son."

"Nightwalker, come!"

Eyelight laid her hand upon the old forester's arms and led him into the open air. "Go; and let your steps be lighter than the falling snow."

"Pretty heathen, I aint parfict, but I should say that you're near about as parfict as a red critter can be. I'll take your advice; but before I leave you, I'd like to ask if the other two prisoners are in any immediate danger?"

"Paleskin, trust to Eyelight and begone!"

"Heathen gal, I should feel too much disposed to trust to you if I was to be near you! Of all the heathen I've seen first and last, you're the parfictest. Rifles and Redskins!"

With these words the forester glided swiftly from the lodge.

Eyelight and Lockwood gazed after him in silence, and soon saw him on the margin of the forest. They were yet looking in that direction when Trailseer approached them unperceived. He said, slowly:

"Cloudysky! you have kept your word. I did not trust you in vain. You have acted wisely. You are free!"

Trailseer turned from him and walked away.

"Generous chieftain, stay! Let me acknowledge this magnanimity as it deserves," said the borderer, earnestly.

"Cloudysky," his voice was husky with emotion—"you know not what this costs the heart of Trailseer."

He paused a little, and then, in a firmer tone; "Should we meet in battle, I ask you to forget that you have received a favor at my hands. I ask no more."

He ceased speaking and hurried so precipitately from the spot that Lockwood had no time to reply. He advanced to Eyelight and took her hand.

"Fair daughter of the Cherokee," he began. "I receive my liberty with a sigh of sadness. My body is released from thraldom, but my feelings, I fear, are yet enslaved. I intended not that this should be. I meant to have shunned your presence and resisted the charms that had power to bind my thoughts. I have not done so. I have not been true to myself."

"Pale-face," her hand trembled slightly as she released it from his, "have you not said words like these to some fair girl of your nation? Do you carry two faces—one for the white girl and the other for the red?"

"The rebuke is just. I love Judith Waldron, and I love—Eyelight. My heart is full of the charms of both," answered Lockwood, with warmth.

"White man, I know not how that may be. Eyelight can love but one and but once. Cloudysky, we shall never meet again. To-night, Eyelight will die to you forever."

The borderer did not speak for some moments. A feeling of inexpressible sadness came upon him.

"It is just," he said, at length, in an agitated voice. "I will go back to Judith and tell her I am unworthy of her. I will confess that my unstable heart played truant with the beautiful daughter of the Cherokee. Beloved Eyelight, farewell!"

"Cloudysky, Eyelight will be lonely when you have departed. Think of her sometimes when you are happy with the daughter of the pale face. Behold Eyelight for the last time!"

The borderer gazed at her a brief moment in silence, then pressing her sweet lips, turned from her to see her no more. He had gone but a few paces when Trailseer called to him from a neighboring lodge.

"Wait," he said, laconically. "A white captive will go with you."

The borderer made no answer. He scarcely sensed what the chief had said. He was absorbed in a pensive sorrow that abstracted his thoughts from all else, even his own release. Presently there were light steps behind him. Some one touched him. He turned mechanically, and—beheld Judith Waldron! He stretched out his arms to embrace her.

"Nay," she said, with a smile, "you love Eyelight."

"I deserve this, too!" exclaimed Lockwood, striking his hand upon his breast. "It should be thus."

"If you acknowledge your sins thus frankly, I will surely be gracious. Receive Eyelight and Judith Waldron in one and the same person!"

The borderer was incapable of utterance. He looked into the bright eyes of Judith with sublime incredulity.

"Do you cast from you the double gift?" asked Judith, archly.

"God knows I am unworthy of it; but I am the happiest of men. Dear Judith! Enchanting Eyelight!"

The enraptured borderer drew Judith to his breast, and embraced her tenderly and ardently. He felt it the most blissful moment of his life. He was like one in a fairy dream.

"How have my eyes been thus blinded!" he inquired, when the first transports of joy had subsided.

"Easily and naturally. In my girlhood it was my fortune to be captured by a war-party of Cherokees. I was adopted by Alabamon, and lived in his lodge two years, during which time I learned the Indian language and the love of forests. Alabamon then had his lodges near the borders of South Carolina. At length he restored me to my father; since which time we kept up a friendly intercourse, until he sought a home more remote from white neighbors. It was Trailseer who excited your jealousy in the forest; it was he who conducted me hither, and to him you owe your liberty."

"He loves you," said Lockwood.

"And that," replied Judith, "explains his proximity to me at various times during our journey. It was the secret which I refused to confide to you."

"You gave him a meeting by moonlight?"

"I did. And I have reason to believe that you witnessed that meeting. I saw him for a moment during the journey of that day, and he begged me to see him alone, for he had important communications to make concerning the settlements on the Kentucky and the designs of his father. I assented, and told him in what direction I would go from the camp to meet him, at the hour when you saw me go forth. I did not fear to trust myself with Trailseer; I knew him well. There are other matters which you will now be able to understand without entering into all the particulars. I came here with Trailseer, in the hope of being of service to you by averting the danger which I knew you would incur; also by forwarding your mission, if possible, by means of the influence which I possess over the mind of Alabamon and his son. My Indian garments were easily assumed, and as easily laid off. A little paint wrought the necessary change in my complexion to prevent recognition. See! Alabamon is approaching with an escort of warriors, and in the midst of them are Obed Slingsby and Philena Foote."

"Still further proof of your influence over these savage minds. I shall be impatient to know more of your romantic history."

"Verily, the formulas prescribed by Lodovic have delivered us from the hand of the heathen. Ah—ah!"

"Ah—ah!" responded Philena.

"Certainly, then, Lodovic should receive your thanks," answered Lockwood.

"Goodness gracious! Here's our Judith, too! Well, I allers knew there was a good deal of Ingin persiflage about her, and that she'd lived among 'em; but I wasn't aware she could run into sich a state of society without bein' skulped and killed, at the p'int of the bagonet. I think I know the limits of my sex, which isn't to be found in sich scenes as these, where pitch and pine splinters is used in the cruelest forms, and in a way to give one a powerful turn. Mournful spettakel!"

"Let us remain a moment," said Judith to Lockwood, as the escort moved on toward the forest. The borderer beheld the aged Alabamon advancing. He soon stood before Judith, regarding her with a fond and pensive aspect.

"Eyelight, to-night the light of my lodge goes out. If I, who am not your father, love you so much, how must your father love you. To him you shall return. My dim eyes may never behold you again on the earth; but I shall see you in the land of immortal life. For your sake, I have not shed the blood of the white man. I have given the prisoners liberty; your voice has saved them. I feel that you will dwell no more in my lodge. The wigwam of Alabamon will be dark. What I desired can never be. It was a dream, and it must fade like all other dreams. My son will be lonely. Existence will be heavy to Trailseer. He will follow your footsteps no more. He will not sleep in sight of your camp-fires by night. He will go to war and seek a fame for great deeds. Eyelight," he laid his hands upon her head, "may the blessings of Monedo go with you!"

Then to Lockwood: "Send no more of your people here to talk of peace. We will not hear them. We have resolved to fight. Go, and return no more. I desire not to see the pale-face that has robbed us of the love of Eyelight."

Alabamon ceased speaking and moved away with lingering steps. Trailseer came out of the shadow, where he had stood during this time.

"The tongue of Trailseer cleaves to the roof of his mouth. His words will be few. Grief makes him dumb. Eyelight, the past will live forever in the memory of the son of Alabamon. Moons shall rise and set, and the season of the deer and the season of the corn shall come and go many times ere my spirit ceases to be sad."

Trailseer's voice failed him. Presently he added:

"My warriors will escort you through yonder forests to the banks of the Kain-tuck-kee. See! your path is before you. Eyelight," his chest heaved with emotion, "the sacrifice is made. Go to your people."

"My brother," returned Judith, with feeling, "the remembrance of your noble friendship shall be the last thing to be forgotten by Eyelight. May you be blest and happy. Trailseer, brave and manly Trailseer, farewell!"

Judith could say no more. Her cheeks were wet with tears. She took Lockwood's arm and they moved quickly away. They were joined by Neverfail soon after entering the woods. Under his guidance, in two days they reached Fort Waldron in safety, much to the joy of all parties. Long Bill was there, who, having wearied of the whims of his Indian mother, ran away from her. He had many wonderful things to tell, some of which were highly amusing.

"You was a great help to the old woman, I expect?" said Nolan.

"Jes' so! Killed about fourteen deer a day, and sometimes half-a-dozen buffalo. Great eater, she was! But I didn't mind, 'cause she saved me from the fire; and fire, you know, is pisen to my flesh. Facks, these be, and I mean to stick to 'em. What's a feller good for that wont stick to facks? I wouldn't trust him, I wouldn't. Facks is facks, and figgers is refematics, and refematics can't lie. Them's my principles and I don't care who knows 'em. I know that my legs is agin me; but I aint my legs, nor my legs aint me. If anybody has got anythin' to say of 'em, let 'em say it. But they are terrible things in a skrimmage! They're kicked over about a thousan' of the red heathen fust and last—by the multiplication table."

Martin Higsby went to Harrodsburg soon after the expose of his villany, and was killed by a shot from an ambushed foeman two days before Lockwood's return.

Nothing was heard of poor Billy White for several weeks; but early one morning he was seen on the northern bank of the river. A tall figure was near him, who looked thoughtfully across the water at Fort Waldron a few moments, when, upon perceiving that he was observed, he pointed to the Half-witted, waved his hand and disappeared in the depths of the forest.

Billy was quickly brought to the fort; but upon being questioned could give no connected account of himself. He said, "S-h-o-t-b-a-g-!" in his old way and relapsed into his former listlessness. Judith only could arouse him into anything like intelligence. His countenance lighted up a little at the name of Trailseer; and Judith believed that the lad's restoration was the last act of friendship that the young Cherokee chieftain had it in his power to bestow.

The wedded lives of Lockwood and Judith proved happier than mortals generally have a right to expect. They passed through the fiery ordeals of the border war in safety. Neverfail lived out the number of his days at Fort Waldron; and never, by his own showing, got to be quite "parfict." Suredeath was his companion in all his wanderings, and was long remembered by the surrounding tribes.

Mr. Waldron, as in duty bound, became a very good and contented father-in-law, priding himself much in the high qualities of Judith's husband, who, notwithstanding the insinuations of Higsby, succeeded in showing conclusively that he had a home and a history.

Obed Slingsby and Philena Foote went back to South Carolina at the first opportunity, being thoroughly disgusted with a "state of Ingin society so terrible." They never united their fortunes in marriage, although Obed remained a disciple of Lodovic Muggleton until the day of his decease; while Philena continued to be violently opposed to "anything like persiflage or proclamations." Billy White died the year after Judith's marriage, of a lingering consumption. During his illness his mind was clearer than ever before. His departure was particularly serene and happy.

Judith and Lockwood never saw Trailseer again; whether he perished in some fierce Indian battle, or went further to the west, was never known to the CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

THE END.

A TURKISH BEAUTY.

I enjoyed the pleasure this morning of being introduced to a very handsome Turkish lady, in order to give me an opportunity of witnessing a perfect specimen of Oriental beauty. After a good deal of persuasion she allowed me to copy her profile. Her eyes and eye-lashes were intensely black, though I suspect the latter were stained of a deeper dye than the natural one. Her complexion was beautifully fair, with the slightest tinge of carnation suffused over her cheek. Her lips! sweet lips! that make us shiver even to have seen such. Her glossy hair, which was hung with a kalemkeir or painted handkerchief, representing a whole parterre of flowers, fell in loose curls upon her shoulders, and down her back. She wore a short black velvet jacket, embroidered with gold lace; trousers of sky-blue silk; an under jacket of pink crape, and one of those beautiful transparent shirts which ravish the beholder, and "half reveal the charms they fain would hide." A magnificent Persian shawl encircled her waist, which had nature's own form, never having been compressed by the cruel bondage of stays. Her feet were in slippers, and two or three ugly rings deformed her white and slender fingers, the nails of which were dyed with henna. Around her neck she wore a double row of pearls, from which hung an amulet. Her skin was white and beautiful, the constant use of the dry vapor-bath having reduced it to a highly polished marble, and it looked as glossy and as cold. She was well-pleased with the drawing made, and on rising to go away, she put on her yellow boots over the beautiful white foot and ankle, which it was a sin to conceal; then donning her caumack or cloak, she rode us often with a grace and elegance which few English ladies could equal. No wonder the Turks sigh for paradise, when they believe heaven to be peopled with houris such as these.—*Auldjo's Visit to Constantinople.*

A HEARTY LAUGH.

After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious good thing a laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty; whether it rucks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiotcy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Button's transformation—under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh *is* a glorious thing. "Like" a thing of beauty," it is "a joy forever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely consume plate a laugh. If there is one laugher, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic!—*Dublin University Magazine.*

AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

One has been apt to consider Nasmyth's steam-hammer, which can with one blow exert a force of two tons, and with another break a nut without injuring the kernel, as a triumph of human ingenuity, and so it is: but how insignificant when placed in comparison with the trunk of an elephant; for not only can the latter strike a blow of a ton or so, but break an egg or a nut, but it can pick up a pin from the floor, or pull down a tree; project water with the force of a twenty man power forcing pump, or uncork and drink a bottle of soda-water without spilling a drop!—*The Anvil.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CHARLES EMERTON'S TEMPTATION.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"RUN and open the door for father, Lizzie, dear," said Mrs. Emerton, to her little girl, when the loud knock came.

The little one did as she was desired, and a man covered with snow, entered.

"Why, Charles," said the wife, "you will get your death, some of these wild nights. Did you come outside the stage?"

"Outside, dearest. There were ladies inside, and two or three aged men, and of course I took an outer seat."

"Ah, you are so good, my love, you never think of yourself. But come—the tea and toast await you, and they are smoking hot, too. Come, Lizzie, jump into your high chair beside father, and eat your supper, and go to bed."

"Yes, come to papa, little angel. I will put you into the chair. Well, Elizabeth, how have you got through the day? Anything new?"

"Only that your father has seemed so sick all day. He is very nervous, thinks something is going to happen, and starts at every sound."

"Yes, ever foreboding trouble! that was ever his way. Don't let it affect you, Elizabeth. You look very pale now."

"I cannot shake it off, Charles," she answered; "all day I have been affected by his strange appearance. And what has affected me most sensibly, is, that it is of you that he has been mostly thinking."

"Of me?"

"Yes, dear. He began to ask at noon, if you were not come yet, and worried about you all the afternoon. Your mother says he is asleep now, but if he wakes, you must go to him."

Charles Emerton sat awhile, as if in deep thought. The lines about his mouth seemed to have deepened all at once, and his open, honest-looking face had changed from its usual expression, to an anxious, restless look, which the eye of love could not but notice. He sat and gazed into the fire, after the evening meal was over, with an abstraction unusual to him, when Lizzie was with him. The child loved him so dearly, and he was so playful with her in the few hours in which he was at home, that the little creature seemed only happy when he was there. But this evening, she could hardly win a smile from his lips, and she sank down upon his arm with a mournful and disappointed look. Soon Elizabeth came and sat down by his side, and she, too, noticed his abstracted air.

"Did not your express business prove good to-day, Charles," said she, "that you look so depressed?"

"Yes—no—that is, much as usual."

Elizabeth laughed, but still there was a tremor in her voice, and she dared not speak again, lest the tears should come, and she hastened to put Lizzie to bed, before she could get courage to press him further. Then she came back, and laying her head on his shoulder, she said, in a low, touching voice:

"Charlie, *something* ails you; you never kept anything from me before. Tell me what it is now? Have you heard any news from the West? Is my father dead? Do tell me what it is?" And she slid from his shoulder to his feet, and with her face on his knees, she sobbed aloud.

"Elizabeth, it is not what you think. It concerns me alone, and I cannot tell you. You could not comfort me under it, I am sure, or I would confide in you. Do not ask me."

"But, Charles, is it *right* to put me off thus? Am I not one with you, and have I not a right to know all that concerns you? Ah, you relent; you must, you shall tell me. I will never rise from my knees until you tell me all."

"Not even if I tell you that it will destroy all your love for me?"

"That cannot be, Charles. You know that nothing in this world could ever do that."

"Not guilt on my part? Would you love me if I had done wrong?"

"God forgives the sinner—why should not I? But why talk of guilt or sin in connection with my husband? Who would dare to accuse him?"

"If I tell you what you wish to know, I shall be accusing myself, and I fear your love cannot stand the test. You would hate me."

"Never fear, Charles. Confess to your own true wife all that you have done. I do not fear that it is anything very dreadful," and yet her lip quivered, and her face gave the lie to her words, for she was pale as a lily.

"Elizabeth, this morning, Mr. Palmer gave me a package of money to deliver to Snow, Ballard & Co., in New York. It does not matter now what I suffered in the temptation—but when I gave them the money, it lacked just a hundred dollars of the sum sent, and that hundred dollar bill is now in my pocket-book, lying close over my heart, which, if you listen, you can hear now, as it beats. It is the first time, dear wife, and only that times have been so hard with me, and the temptation was so great—for I saw that Mr. Palmer counted too hastily to be sure that he was correct, and, now—O, Elizabeth, I must go and tell him that the money fell short—while I—your husband is a—"

"Don't say it—don't say it, Charles—I cannot bear it. You must not—shall not be one. Go to Mr. Palmer with the money—tell him how you were tempted. He is a good man—and the good are merciful. You must go now, Charles."

"Expose myself to be called publicly by the name you could not hear me utter just now?"

"No, *indeed*. Mr. Palmer would think more highly of you, trust you farther, be kinder to you than ever. O, Charles, do not stop to cavil or calculate upon what will be. You know well enough what is right, do it. You can tell something by to-day's suffering, whether it is not too costly a sacrifice, to give your peace of mind for paltry money, which would turn to fiery serpents every enjoyment that you could buy with it. No, dear, we are poor—let us be honest. I can speak that dreadful word now, for I know that it shall not be applied to you. You would not see *me* the wife of a—*thief!* would you, dear Charlie?"

Three years before, Elizabeth Colton had stood, a young, fearless, happy girl, scarce sixteen years of age, beside Charles Emerton, as the minister had pronounced them man and wife. Her father was preparing to remove his large family to the West, then just unfolding its treasures to the eyes of the New Englanders, and calling upon them to come and reap its blessings. When nearly ready to depart, he found that Elizabeth hung back from the preparations; and only a week before the time was fixed to go, she went to her father, and with a flood of tears, such as she had always shed when she had offended him by any childish fault, she told him that she must stay with Charles Emerton.

In vain Mr. Colton pleaded her youth and inexperience. Charles came in to her assistance, and the father could not withstand them both. He knew that the young man sustained a good character—that his business was one of trust—that his family name was unblemished; and that he loved his daughter.

They were to be married, then, before the family removed; and Mrs. Colton had the happiness of knowing that Elizabeth was not to be without protection; for a suite of rooms was ready for her even now, in the house of the elder Mr. Emerton, whose wife and daughters would supply to her child the absence of her own relatives.

Three years had passed, and the little Lizzie had come to gladden and bless the household. After her birth, Elizabeth had naturally mingled less with the family, on her infant's account; and latterly, because her husband arrived so late in the evening, and his father, being old and feeble, required an earlier hour for tea, she had taken that meal in her own apartment, preferring to wait for Charles, that he might enjoy it with her and his child.

Still they were virtually one family, except for this little tender whim on her part, which her good mother-in-law was perfectly willing to indulge. Mr. Emerton was growing infirm, and as his body became weak, his mind failed, and it was touching to witness his extreme debility, and to hear his sad questioning of matters which usually existed only in his own mind.

Besides Charles, there were Margaret and Lucinda, both a little older than his wife; a son, next in age to Charles, who followed the sea; while four young brothers, all fine, smart youths, except Linton, the youngest, who was ill from his birth, gave life and spirit to the otherwise staid and sober household.

On the day referred to, Mr. Emerton had, as Elizabeth truly said, shown more restlessness and uneasiness than usual; and Charles was the subject of his constant harpings through the day. In vain they assured him that Charles was well, and would be home at his usual hour. He insisted that he was gone longer than usual. The stage, he said, was not always so long going from Berrianville to New York, and returning. Why, when he was young, it was only two days—forgetting that Charles had only started that morning, and was sure to be at home by seven in the evening.

Poor Linton, too, had been ill all day. He lay moaning on the couch, wishing for brother Charles to come; for he never returned without some slight gift to the sick boy, until this evening. On this day, Linton's gift was forgotten; and the child was crying bitterly. In the midst of all this, Margaret, who had taken a newspaper from her brother's pocket, while she was drying his muddy coat at the fire, uttered an exclamation of distress, that drew every one's attention to her.

She pointed to the ship news, and they read the account of the May Bird's total wreck. It was the ship in which Julius Emerton had sailed. There was no mention made of the people on board, and there was room alike for hope and fear; but as usual, fear predominated.

Could it be, that that bright, young face, beaming with health and goodness, had been covered by the wild sea's foam? Could that kind, generous heart have ceased its beating beneath the rough waves? It was terrible to think of—and for a little while, Elizabeth forgot her anguish in the newer sorrow that overwhelmed them.

Yet when again alone with her husband, she seized upon this event, too, as an additional motive for him to act upon, in redeeming his name from the disgrace which must too truly attach to it forever, if his guilt should transpire in any other way than that which she proposed.

"Do not, Charles, give your parents the grief of losing two sons on the same day; for lost to them you will be, if you suffer this act to go unconfessed—and for myself, I would rather you were in the same deep, unfathomable grave with dear Julius, than to see you go on in this mad career. Where will you stop? One successful robbery will lead to another, until your course will only be arrested by public shame and infamy. Will you leave such an inheritance to your child?"

Charles looked at the slight, girlish figure, and sweet young face of his wife, and marvelled at her severe earnestness. He had not thought of her as being his Mentor. He had expected tears and sighs—but he had not expected this tone of almost commanding entreaty.

"But how can I go to Mr. Palmer, and tell him this?" he asked, with the weakness of a new guilt clinging to him.

"Let me go with you?"

"You! you are mad, Elizabeth! Do you think that *I* am mad, too, to allow my wife to hear her husband confess to another, that he has *stolen* from him?"

"Why not? You will, by continuing in your present course, expose me to hearing it from every other person. Why not hear it when you are resolving to forsake such a fault forever?"

"Hear her, and obey, as you value your precious soul, Charles Emerton," said a voice in the room. Both started and turned round. It was the poor, sick father, who had seized the moment, when all were asleep from the exhaustion of their great sorrow, to walk round the house, vainly trying to scare away the spectres which all day had hovered around his disordered brain.

Of Charles had been his thought all day, and when night came, and his son did not come to him, he had wandered unconsciously into Elizabeth's room, to ask her where she believed her husband to have gone. Probably, the sound of his son's voice arrested his steps on the threshold, and while there, he heard the story of his guilt, and the pleadings of his better angel, to repair it before it was too late. He then uttered the solemn words which, at that hour, for it was past midnight, seemed to penetrate the breast of the son, more even than the pleadings of his wife.

"To-morrow," he said, gaspingly, "I will go to him."

"To night!" said the father. "You cannot count upon to-morrow. This hour, this moment alone is yours. I charge you, my son, go not to your rest before you deliver up what is not your own."

Slowly, the strong man arose from the seat where his wife still knelt by him, and prepared to go out into the wild storm. Then she rose up, and bound the scarf closer around his neck, pressed her lips to his pale mouth, and turned to the still trembling father, who watched her as one would an angel, reverently, yet lovingly.

The door opened and Charles was gone. Then came fear and apprehension. What if he should grow desperate, when alone with his guilt, and commit some dreadful deed? Would his forced courage, borrowed from others, carry him to the end of his unwelcome errand? Elizabeth shook in every limb—but she took down a gray cloak that hung near, and tying a shawl over her head, she went into the street. There was only one street to pass through between her own dwelling and Mr. Palmer's, and she knew that her fleet steps would reach the house as soon as her husband's.

She had not gone ten steps before the moon began to break through the heavy snow clouds, and she saw Charles moving slowly on before her, with his head bent down, and his whole figure stooping like one in great pain. She followed his track, and soon found herself opposite Mr. Palmer's door. She watched the light that flashed before the window, showing Mr. Palmer himself answering the door bell.

She gained a step on the high snowbank under the dining-room window, where the light at length rested, and witnessed the meeting. She saw the face of her husband, watched him as he gave the money to Mr. Palmer, and knew that the old man was talking to him long and earnestly, while Charles covered his face as if weeping. Then she saw Mr. Palmer go up to him, take his hand in one of his own, laying the other upon her husband's head, and bow himself, as if in reverent prayer.

Her heart beat audibly, but in a moment, she knew no more, until she waked in the same room into which her watching eyes had so long been straining themselves. Her husband had taken off her cloak, and not until then, had he thought who was the woman, whom, on coming out of the house, he had found extended on the steps.

"My dear, good young lady," said the venerable man, "your husband has been telling me your share in this transaction. I honor you, and I honor him for obeying you. Believe me, this affair shall never be made public by me. I am sure that it will never happen again, and I will prove my sincerity by trusting him again and again. I am sorry to learn his embarrassments, and I hereby present *you* with the means of enabling him to free himself. Remember, I give this to you, not to him," and he placed a paper in her hand.

"Are you sufficiently recovered now, to go home?" he resumed, after a pause, in which the two were weeping the thanks they could not utter.

Elizabeth could not speak, but Charles took her in his arms, and carried her through the snow drifts, while the old man returned to his bed, deeply thankful that through his own means and that of the noble wife, Charles Emerton would henceforth avoid the terrible rock on which he had so nearly split.

The husband reached the door of his house with his precious burden, and as he laid her down gently on the couch, he saw two figures by the fireside. The old father sat in the arm-chair, asleep; but whose was the bright and joyous face that met their gaze from the other side of the hearth? Safe from storm and wreck, unharmed, strong and manly, with a look of undisguised wonder on his face, was Julius Emerton.

"What a taste you must have for walking out with your husband, sister Lizzie," said the frank sailor, as he bent over and kissed her cheek, which was pale as a snow wreath, and yet not sad as before. "And to find your doors all open and father here asleep, at one o'clock! You have got some queer fashions on shore since I sailed away in the May Bird. Ah, Charlie, not one of our poor fellows saved! all gone to the bottom but myself." And the tears came into his bright eyes.

"Margaret! Lucinda! mother!" he exclaimed, as the three came trooping into Elizabeth's room to see what was the confusion. What a scene! The poor old father roused up to ask for Charles, and met the eyes of the whole family, swimming with tears of joy. Nature could bear no more; and they shortened the excitement by retiring to dream again of the meeting.

As the four young brothers grew old enough to enter into business, Charles, who, now that his father had sunk into hopeless inaction, performed a parent's part to them, related to each one the story of his early temptation and its result. How strange it seemed to them, who, from their early childhood, had heard the praises of their brother's integrity from every lip!

Mr. Palmer, in dying, bequeathed to Elizabeth a handsome legacy, in memory, he said, of a great good which she had unconsciously done for him; the interpretation of which was this: after that memorable night, he took measures to ascertain the exact resources and needs of every person in his employ, and to place them *so far* beyond temptation as his means allowed him to do. This, he said to Elizabeth, that he owed to her for suggesting to him how much a rich man can do, by standing between the poor and their temptations. He might have added, how much a true and noble woman may influence the husband she loves. If ever man truly felt this, it was Charles Emerton. Through life, he regarded his wife with a reverential tenderness, which touched her to the very soul; and in death he blessed her as his preserver and angel.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

PRESENTIMENT: THE WRAITH OF CYPRE

BY BLANCHE D'ARMOND.

Art thou weary, mother, weary of life's toils and car-
Doth the heart grow dreary alway 'neath the load it b-
Art thou sighing, mother, sighing for that land of re-
Is the dying, dearest mother, longing to be blest?

O it grieves me, mother, sadly, thus to see thee fade;
But thou will not long here bare me; see the wreath
made—
I have twined it, mother, twined it 'neath the setting
Pause hath not a flowret in it—love hath many a one

What though I have tarried, loitering till the day
dying;
O, I could not pluck the flowers, when gloomens hope
flying,
So I've tarried till the twilight, 'neath a blaze of glory
And entwined them all together—life hath not before

See! I've plucked them all, mother; blasted buds
childhood—
All except the thornlets yet hid in life's tangled wildw-
Bless me, mother, kneeling lowly; dearest mother, b
me!
I deserve no fond embracing—yet once more caress m-
From infancy thou professed the wreath should bin-
brow;
Mother, it makes me shudder—for I feel the cypress

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DECEIVED HEART.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

THE London season was at its gayest hei
when the fashionable world was set in com
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long been an absentee. Harry Chichester, M
quis of Tremorne, had at an early age succee
to his father's title and estates, and being ha
some, witty and gallant, became a decided
of the ladies, while his influential positi
wealth, and good nature, disposed all men
speak well of him. He had by nature gener
impulses, and no mean share of genius; but
some writer has aptly said, "genius unde
oped is no more genius than a handful of ac
is a forest of oaks."

The germ of excellence in Tremorne h
been suffered to become choked up with
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so that at the age of twenty-eight he was con
to glide through life in a manner more bettr
a Sybarite, than a man accountable for the ri
use of an amount of power, and the welfar
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dom. Occasionally a glimmering of this
had obtruded itself on his mind; but resoluti
to reform made in a vague, irresolute man
are seldom executed, so although he had
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The season had been an unusually brill
one, graced as it was by the return of one of
chief ornaments, and celebrated by the "com
out" of a large number of beauties and h
esses; but the acknowledged star amid the g
axy of fair ones, was the Lady Adelaide Len
only daughter of the Earl of Stanhope, w
having been presented the year before, was
so much of a novice in the court circles,
took precedence as the reigning belle par ex
lence. It is not strange, therefore, that the
notabilities of the season should meet, begin
piquing each other, proceed by becoming jeal
and end by falling deeply in love, accordin
the most approved style on such occasi
Such being the case, it cannot be wondered
if the noble earl and countess, at the break
up of the parliamentary session, should in
Tremorne to visit them at their country seat,
company with a numerous party assembled
continue city amusements and commence co
try sports at the same time.

If the Lady Adelaide had appeared re
amid a crowd, here, in the home of which
was the sole daughter, her queenlike beauty
intellectual attainments shone with redoul
lustre. Surrounded by numberless memen
of the antiquity and grandeur of her fam
from the wide domains of unrivalled lovelin
to the splendid mansion, with its portrait g
leries hung with pictured and illustrious an
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where she properly belonged, and a fit repres
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therefore, when Tremorne applied to the earl
his fair daughter; and a hearty consent be
given, the lady in question bestowed her h
on the favored suitor with the air of a prin
So great had been the manœuvering for the fa
and fiancee, that had either chosen any one
for a partner, a general lamentation would h
ensued on the disparity of the pair; but so c
pletely matched were the young couple in ev
point, that even the malcontents were forced
admit that they were made for each other,
in this universal fiat the parties themselves n
fully concurred.

As the time for the wedding approached,
most extensive preparations were being ma
all the journals were full of the usual backne
and mysterious headings:—"Projected marr
in high life. From the late whispers in the c
circles, we learn that the most noble Marqui
T——m——e is about to lead to the altar the bea
ful, high-born, and most accomplished L
A——l——a——d——e L——n——x, the much admi
reigning belle of last season," etc., etc. T
bevy of bridesmaids was engaged, the most c
mated consultations were held in solemn c
clave concerning the bridal *trousseau*, the fam
jewels had been placed at Starr & Mortimer's
Tremorne, to be reset for the occasion, and e
her majesty, the queen, had condescended to
press her approbation of the intended marria
so that nothing was wanting to fill up the m
sure of pomp and pride. Amid this acclama
tion of glory the wedding morn was ushered
—a June day, perfect as those of Eden be
the fall—and in all the splendor of *point d'a*
ces, diamonds, orange blossoms, and flow

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

PRESENTIMENT: THE WREATH OF CYPRESS.

BY BLANCHE D'ANTIGNY.

Art thou weary, mother, weary of life's toils and cares?
Doth the heart grow dreary alway 'neath the load it bears?
Art thou sighing, mother, sighing for that land of rest?
Is this dying, dearest mother, longing to be blest?

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But thou wilt not long here leave me; see the wreath I've made—
I have twined it, mother, twined it 'neath the setting sun;
Fame hath not a floweret in it—love hath many a one.

What though I have tarried, loitering till the day was dying;
O, I could not pluck the flowers, when gloomie hope was dying.

So I've tarried till the twilight, 'neath a blaze of glory,
And entwined them all together—life hath not before me.

See! I've plucked them all, mother; blasted buds of childhood—
All except the thornlets yet hid in life's tangled wildwood);
Bless me, mother, kneeling lowly; dearest mother, bless me!

I deserve no fond embracing—yet once more caress me.
From infancy thou prophesied the wreath should bind my brow:
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BY M. V. ST. LEON.

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The germ of excellence in Tremorne had been suffered to become choked up with the weeds of flattery, neglect, and mental indolence, so that at the age of twenty-eight he was content to glide through life in a manner more befitting a Sybarite, than a man accountable for the right use of an amount of power, and the welfare of a tenantry, unsurpassed by but few in the kingdom. Occasionally a glimmering of this fact had obtruded itself on his mind; but resolutions to reform made in a vague, irresolute manner, are seldom executed, so although he had returned to England determined to assume his long-neglected duties, the flattering reception which he met, and the persuasions of a gay club to which he had formerly belonged, in a short time obliterated the half-fledged good intentions, and he was once more known as the arbiter of fashion and leader of *ton*.

The season had been an unusually brilliant one, graced as it was by the return of one of its chief ornaments, and celebrated by the "coming out" of a large number of beauties and belles; but the acknowledged star amid the galaxy of fair ones, was the Lady Adelaide Lenox, only daughter of the Earl of Stanhope, who, having been presented the year before, was not so much of a novice in the court circles, and took precedence as the reigning belle par excellence. It is not strange, therefore, that the two notabilities of the season should meet, begin by piquing each other, proceed by becoming jealous, and end by falling deeply in love, according to the most approved style on such occasions. Such being the case, it cannot be wondered at, if the noble earl and countess, at the breaking up of the parliamentary session, should invite Tremorne to visit them at their country seat, in company with a numerous party assembled to continue city amusements and commence country sports at the same time.

If the Lady Adelaide had appeared regal amid a crowd, here, in the home of which she was the sole daughter, her queenlike beauty and intellectual attainments shone with redoubled lustre. Surrounded by numberless mementoes of the antiquity and grandeur of her family, from the wide domains of unrivalled loveliness to the splendid mansion, with its portrait galleries hung with pictured and illustrious ancestors, Lady Adelaide seemed in the only place where she properly belonged, and a fit representative of the grace, dignity and pride of past generations. Three weeks had not elapsed, therefore, when Tremorne applied to the earl for his fair daughter; and a hearty consent being given, the lady in question bestowed her hand on the favored suitor with the air of a princess. So great had been the manœuvering for the fiance and fiancee, that had either chosen any one else for a partner, a general lamentation would have ensued on the disparity of the pair; but so completely matched were the young couple in every point, that even the malcontents were forced to admit that they were made for each other, and in this universal fiat the parties themselves most fully concurred.

As the time for the wedding approached, the most extensive preparations were being made; all the journals were full of the usual hackneyed and mysterious headings:—"Projected marriage in high life. From the late whispers in the court circles, we learn that the most noble Marquis of T—m—e is about to lead to the altar the beautiful, high-born, and most accomplished Lady A—l—a—d—e L—n—x, the much admired reigning belle of last season," etc., etc. The bevy of bridesmaids was engaged, the most animated consultations were held in solemn conclave concerning the bridal *trousseau*, the family jewels had been placed at Starr & Mortimer's by Tremorne, to be reset for the occasion, and even her majesty, the queen, had condescended to express her approbation of the intended marriage, so that nothing was wanting to fill up the measure of pomp and pride. Amid this accumulation of glory the wedding morn was ushered in —a June day, perfect as those of Eden before the fall—and in all the splendor of *point d'alencon*, diamonds, orange blossoms, and flower-scattered paths, Lady Adelaide entered the married state.

The ceremony was performed in the ancient church, founded by a Stanhope of remote memory, by no less than two dignitaries, supported by a suitable number of assistants. According to the usual custom, the bride was pronounced never to have looked so interesting in her life, and the invariable compliments were paid to the young couple at the conclusion of the service; then the brilliant throng returned to the castle, amid the ringing of bells and rejoicing of the tenantry, to partake of a sumptuous *dejeuner*, after which came the farewells, and entering the elegant new travelling carriage, accompanied by her devoted spouse and tiny white greyhound, with the valet and lady's maid in the rumble, Lady Adelaide Chichester, Marchioness of Tremorne, bade adieu to her old home for a year's absence in Europe.

Immediately on the return of the happy couple, they proceeded to the ancestral seat of the Tremornes, and soon after the hearts of both families were gladdened by the birth of a son and heir. The little Arthur, though a very delicate babe, lived and thrived, as it seemed, on his mother's devoted love, for the child had awoke some hidden spring in her nature, so that although as distant and regal towards all others as ever, her whole affections were centred in the boy, with an exception in favor of her husband only. When Arthur had attained to the age of five years, by the death of the Earl of Stanhope's only son, he became heir to both the Tremorne and Stanhope estates, and as such his father surveyed him with increased pride and careful watchfulness. But Lady Adelaide, who had been fondly attached to her brother, felt the blow very deeply, and at last, to divert her melancholy, a residence abroad was proposed, to which the passion assented. Thinking that she should be relieved of every care, Tremorne would have entrusted Arthur to his grandparents, but the physician decided that anxiety for his welfare, if separated, would undo all the good effects of a change, and that he would divert his mother's mind more than any other person. Lady Adelaide was an ardent admirer of nature, and the beautiful scenes through which she passed insensibly raised the tone of her spirits, although for a long time she felt any sensation of delight to be an improper infringement on her sorrow. But at the expiration of a year, her former serenity of mind returned. They had recently hired a chateau on the banks of a beautiful river in the south of France, and as Tremorne was frequently away for several days at a time, Lady Chichester amused herself by rambling about in the secluded neighborhood of her residence, sometimes accompanied by Arthur, and frequently on horseback.

One delicious afternoon, Lady Adelaide set out unattended to explore the ruins of a beautiful monastery at some distance. The gentle breeze and exhilarating exercise had brought a glow to her usually pallid cheek, and with the enthusiasm of girlhood she sprang from her horse, and entered the low, crumbling archway. The ruin was quite extensive, and from a high parapet she was admiring the landscape around, when a faint groan caused her to start with momentary alarm; but reflecting that she had little to fear from a person in distress, and that it was her duty to assist the sufferer, she followed in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. At the foot of a staircase lay a young woman, evidently in pain, while several large stones that had just fallen from the dilapidated wall, and a rent in her dress, indicated the cause.

Hastily raising her up, Lady Chichester inquired in French what had happened to her; but in the purest of English the stranger replied that she could converse in the last-named language quite readily, and stated that in clambering up to a turret to obtain a better prospect, her foothold had given way, precipitating her to the foot of the staircase, and a large stone had fallen on to her ankle, which was too much injured to permit her to stand; and although she resided but a little distance from the place, when a carriage, the sufferer was so exhausted that Lady Chichester decided to accompany her home; and seeing the only inmates of the house consisted of the old man and a middle-aged woman, she concluded that the lady was a young widow, who preferred not to break up her establishment, and had retreated to this charming solitude instead. After seeing her to her chamber, Lady Adelaide departed with the unsolicited promise to call again, for an inexplicable interest had been aroused concerning the fair stranger—so great, indeed, as to make the proud marchioness resolve to unbend to solicit an acquaintance, if needful. On her return home, some indefinable feeling prevented her from mentioning this incident to Tremorne, who had just arrived from the neighboring city full of plans for a pleasure party to come off the next week.

"And we are to land here, to partake of a collation; so pray give orders for a grand affair and look your very best, as I intend it shall be confessed that *madame la marquise* bears off the palm for beauty," the light-hearted noble added, with a gaze of admiration at his wife, now in the full and radiant beauty of twenty-five.

Throughout the remainder of the evening, Lady Adelaide was somewhat abstracted; and when Tremorne inquired the cause, she replied that her long ride that afternoon had given her a slight headache, and with an affectionate reproof and injunction to be more careful, the matter was dismissed from his mind.

The next day, true to her promise, Lady Adelaide rode over to the chateau, and on being admitted to the lady's apartment, was received with much cordiality. Pleased to find the invalid better, she conversed for some time with her, and was charmed with the fine mind and cultivated intellect of her hostess. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"How very stupid I am! Here we have been speaking together for nearly an hour, and do not know each other's name. I fear we should lose caste among the exclusives, if it were known that we spoke without an introduction—so pray let us perform the ceremony at once."

"You may call me Mary, if you do not object to so much appearance of familiarity." And the stranger raised her beautiful blue eyes to her visitor's face with a smile like sunshine.

"Certainly not—and my name is Adelaide," replied the latter, catching the spirit of the matter. "Now we have accomplished all that could reasonably be expected of us, and may converse freely."

Lady Chichester was delighted with her new acquaintance. There was a gentle sadness in her manner which awoke one's interest, and a graceful simplicity, evidently the gift of nature, which many a fine lady would have vainly endeavored to acquire. That she was English was evident, and her guest would have to know her family name; but seeing that no allusion to relatives or home was made in her entertaining account of a tour she had made a few years ago, no attempt was made to lead her to a subject which she seemed to avoid.

From this time, scarcely a day passed that they did not see each other, and two months slipped rapidly away, when one morning Lady Chichester rode over to the chateau to inform her friend of her intended departure for Paris, where she was to spend a few weeks previous to returning home.

"As we shall of course wish to correspond, let us exchange addresses, my dear," said the marchioness. "Here is mine;" and she handed a card to her companion.

But scarcely had she glanced at it, when a fearful change passed over her countenance, and rising, she attempted to speak; but her pale, trembling lips refused to utter any sound. Much alarmed, Lady Adelaide was about to inquire the cause of this agitation, when she exclaimed:

"Lady Chichester! O, no—no, it cannot be. Tell me," she continued, in agonized accents, laying her hand on her friend's arm and gazing into her face as if her life itself was involved in the answer, "are you truly the Marchioness of Tremorne?"

"Most certainly," was the astonished reply. "It is six years since I became the wife of Henry Chichester."

"Heaven help us both!" exclaimed the lady; and she sank fainting into a chair.

Trembling with vague terror, Lady Adelaide attempted to restore her to consciousness. In a few minutes the lips quivered, and then a flush of crimson overspread her face; still she remained with her eyes closed, and motionless.

"O speak and tell me the meaning of this," said the marchioness. "It must be some terrible thing to cause such emotion."

The large blue eyes opened, and fastened themselves on the questioner with an expression she never forgot, so sad and despairing; but she replied:

"To morrow you shall know all."

"I cannot endure this suspense until then."

"I am too weak now to speak, and this is a subject that will require all my strength. Come again in the morning, and I will tell you. Prepare yourself for the worst, for I fear your utmost fortitude must sink under the blow."

Bending over the sufferer, Lady Adelaide attempted to kiss her forehead in token of sympathy, but hastily preventing her, she said:

"Not now—wait till you hear all. Alas, you will not then caress the destroyer of your happiness!"

In a very different mood from that in which she had set forth that morning, did Lady Chichester retrace her steps homeward. A gloom pervaded her spirits, and she dreaded the revelations of the morrow. Little Arthur noticed her abstraction, and endeavored by his pretty childish prattle to bring a smile to her face; but it was in vain, and his mother for the first time felt his presence oppressive.

On the following morning she was with her friend at a very early hour, and was astonished to see the change that had already taken place. A weary and sleepless night had evidently been passed by both; but while Lady Adelaide was sustained by a painful excitement that flushed her cheeks, and fired her dark eyes, her companion was deadly pale, and a fearful despair that pervaded her countenance gave an unnatural calmness to her voice and manner. As her narration was at intervals interrupted by emotion on the part of her hearer, who would doubtless have been rendered insensible had she not been gradually prepared for the terrible tidings, we shall give a connected account, inserting some details which were necessarily omitted by the invalid:

In a wild little seaport town in England dwelt Mary Edwards, the only child of the village innkeeper. Her beauty, amiability and motherless state rendered her the idol of her father, who had given her the best education within his reach, and had always indulged her even beyond her wishes; for, as he frequently said, Mary was born a lady, and she should be brought up to feel no change when she stepped into the place she was fitted for. So, although his neighbors remonstrated, Mary was reared as delicately and dressed as finely as befitted her intended future; but while all condemned this treatment, the subject of it was idolized by every one, and many said it was impossible to spoil the sweet nature of the young girl. The May-day morning before her sixteenth birthday Mary was chosen queen by her companions, and they were celebrating this event on the village green, when in the midst of a merry dance a handsome young traveller reined in his horse, to gaze at the pretty scene. Some moments elapsed before he was perceived, and when Mary became conscious of the admiring regards of the stranger, she affected not to see him, but from time to time cast shy glances through her clustering golden curls, till finding him quite aware of her movements, with rosy cheeks and downcast blue eyes she broke from her partner, and ran away with a light laugh, though secretly vexed; while smiling at her pretty petulance the stranger quietly pursued his way to the inn, and entering his name as Mr. Chichester, took lodgings for several weeks, his servant following in a few hours with his baggage.

The first sight that met the young gentleman's eye the next morning, on looking from his chamber window that opened on to the garden, was the roguish beauty who had called forth his admiration the day previous. She was gathering a variety of flowers, occasionally staking a plant or removing a withered leaf, and in a subdued voice, singing gaily to herself meanwhile. So much lovelier did she appear on nearer inspection, that Chichester congratulated himself on the prospect of several weeks' companionship, for he never doubted that any advances on his part would be gladly met by the young rustic, belle of the village though she was. Hastily completing his toilet, therefore, he sauntered into the garden, and soon encountered her in one of the walks. With his most elegant bow, which he thought could not fail to make an impression on her simplicity, he was about to commence a conversation by a casual remark; but having seen him approach, Mary was on her guard, and angry with herself for her evident embarrassment of yesterday, resolved to show the Londoner that she was not to be confused or patronized, but looked up to with as much deference as any fine city lady. And accordingly before he could utter one word of his intended address, she had returned his salutation by one equally elegant, but infinitely more haughty; and with a half-mischievous, half-quizzing smile on her beautiful lips, swept gracefully past him, up the hill steps, and vanished through the open door.

"The tables turned, and the victor vanquished!" exclaimed Chichester, in mute amaze at such a display of high breeding where he had least expected it. "Fairly beaten with my own weapons! And how saucily the gipsey sailed by me with that exasperating expression! Can it be that it is some young lady, and not a little peasant? No, of course it can't, for Redford told me last night that the pretty May queen I admired so much was my landlord's daughter. But where did she get that thorough-bred air, I wonder?"

Notwithstanding the coolness of his first reception, Chichester persevered in making the acquaintance—piqueinducing him to exert every power of pleasing. Mary, who was secretly disposed to admire him from the first, was not proof against such delicate flattery, and by degrees returned to the artless simplicity which was as bewitching as natural. Chichester was impetuous, ardent, and too apt to lose sight of consequences. Thus far in life his youth and generous disposition had been made an excuse for any peccadilloes, but he now meditated an act too rash for a mind not influenced by the blind god to imagine. His affection for Mary Edwards had steadily increased, until at the end of three weeks he determined to make her his wife, feeling that without her, the future would be devoid of a gentle stimulus to usefulness which he so greatly needed. The wrath of his father and family, when this step should come to their knowledge, did indeed nearly appal him, but trusting to the love that had always pardoned him, he hoped to vanquish all difficulty in the end.

Jonathan Edwards had noticed the intimacy growing up between the young people, and mistrusting that Mr. Chichester had a better claim to some higher title, determined to put a period to the friendship, for his experienced eye at once saw that if Chichester's intentions were honorable, as he did not doubt they were, there was a disparity much too great between their stations to result in anything but misery. This he told his daughter, and added that she must instantly discourage her lover, or he should take the matter in hand himself. Although gentle, as was his invariable manner towards his darling child, there was also a firmness in his tones which she well knew sprang from a corresponding strength of character; and from this resolution, so openly expressed, Mary felt there was no appeal. Accordingly, when Chichester met her that evening, as she was walking in a solitary woodpath, and noticing the traces of recent weeping, insisted on learning the cause, she confessed the whole of the interview with her father, and how unhappy the prospect of parting from him had made her. This of course was drawn from her by degrees, and when Chichester at length suggested an immediate flight and union, Mary was scarcely startled, for she too had been too much petted to dream of the possibility of not being forgiven, especially as her lover had been quite a favorite with her father from the commencement of their acquaintance. And not realizing the extent of the step she was about to take, she consented to accompany him on the next night, entirely assured by the conviction that after a few months, at farthest, her fond parent would receive her to his heart again—indeed she much doubted if she would be absent from it at all!

The fatal step was taken! But when Mary learned the rank of her husband, her consternation was great. The utmost she had thought was that he might possibly be the younger son of a lord; but to be Lady Chichester, with a marquisate in prospect, made even her young head giddy, but with fear rather than happiness. As for the father, of whose forgiveness she was so sure, the shock of her flight, and discovery of her lover's rank, which forbade the supposition or hope of a marriage, produced insanity, and in one of his paroxysms he committed suicide. Chichester realizing the extent of his imprudence, kept the marriage a profound secret from his friends, and with his bride retired to the beautiful chateau already mentioned. Here, for a space of two years, with occasional necessary absences on the part of Chichester, the young couple lived very happily.

At the end of this time, Tremorne was obliged to return to England on account of his father's dangerous illness. It terminated fatally; and now in possession of an estate and title of which nothing could rob him, there seemed no reason why the marriage should not be acknowledged, and when Mary read the announcement of Chichester's succession, she prepared herself to return to England at any time. But Tremorne was several years older than when in a fit of boyish enthusiasm, and contempt of the "world's dread laugh," he had wedded the village beauty. Experience had taught him the full value of himself and his position, and rather fickle by nature, his ardent devotion to his gentle bride was considerably diminished. Secret reproaches on his past folly filled his mind, till by degrees he came to the conclusion that as Mary had every comfort and luxury in her present abode, there was no reason why she should not remain there, content as heretofore. If Mary had been the mother of a son, parental pride would no doubt have placed the wife in her proper sphere; but unfortunately she was childless, and the affections of her fickle husband being gone, she possessed no further hold upon him.

Slowly did this conviction force its way to her heart, and when she could no longer strive against the dreary proofs, her grief was silent but fearful. She recalled her filial disobedience, and shuddered to perceive the justice of her punishment. As time wore on, and her youthful mind (kept more childish by having been treated as a plaything) matured rapidly through sorrow and the excellent discipline of self-reliance, she judged his character aright, and saw both their faults in the true light. With a woman's nature, she felt herself deeply wronged; but indignation, and afterwards contempt for the cowardice that prevented an acknowledgment of an humbly-born wife, usurped the love that had hitherto filled her heart. When arrived at this state of indifference, Mary no longer was so unhappy as formerly, and turned to her books and music for companionship. Finding a quiet cheerfulness in solitude, well employed, she ceased to care for any communication with the outer world, and her own inclination, as well as her husband's, made her desire to keep their connection a secret, for the furtherance of which she dropped his name, and resumed that of her family.

Thus, secluded from all society, receiving intelligence from Tremorne only at long intervals, and seeing no English papers, Mary was thunderstruck at the sudden discovery of his guilt. So horrible, indeed, was the revelation, that her first impulse was to bury the past in her own bosom; but principle forbade this course, for by remaining silent, she became the abettor of crime, however innocently committed by Lady Adelaide. And though she trembled to destroy the earthly happiness of two unsuspecting victims, the mother and child, and grew terrified at the thoughts of the storm which once roused might and must produce the most disastrous effects, her conscience would permit no compromise, and the sense of duty alone moved her to endure the interview with resolute calmness.

As she concluded this sad story, she gazed anxiously at Lady Adelaide, fearing a suspension of consciousness. But she mistook her nature. Unnaturally subdued, with a countenance and features sharpened by a deathly pallor, and dilated eyes, dry and tearless, that seemed fastened on vacancy, she said in tones so altered that her companion's heart ached:

"It is possible there may be a misunderstanding. May there not be two persons of the same name?" But even as she spoke, hope died within her, for there was but one Marquis of Tremorne in the peerage, as she well knew.

"Do not deceive yourself, dear lady," replied her friend, as she took her hand. "There can be no mistake in the person, or the legality of my marriage." And she took from a writing desk a certificate and bundle of letters, together with a fine miniature of Chichester.

As Lady Adelaide mechanically examined these convincing proofs, a groan burst from her lips, and clasping her hands, she feebly moaned: "O, that I were dead!"

Mary could not comfort her! In this monstrous and unnatural case, the usual consolations for every species of grief were worse than useless, heartless mockeries, and each longed to terminate an interview so intensely painful. After a few moments' silence, Lady Adelaide rose from the couch where she had been kneeling, and with alarm, Mary noticed that a brilliant flush and carmine glow had succeeded to the vacant gaze and ashen cheeks of an hour previous; but assuring her that it would all pass away very soon, Lady Adelaide requested the privilege of retaining one of Chichester's letters, which Mary assented to, wondering why she wished it, and bidding her farewell with apparent composure, left the chateau, dashing madly homeward through the noontide heat, of which she was utterly unconscious.

During the long, silent hours of night, a light burned dimly in Lady Adelaide's chamber, while to and fro, like a wan specire, the unhappy woman slowly moved with clasped hands, unflinchingly gazing at her position from all points, and in each view she saw nothing but ruin and despair closing the vista. Her devoted love for Chichester was turned to horror; and when the thought of Arthur presented itself, she was paralyzed with excess of anguish for a moment. That beautiful boy, the idol of his relatives, the heir of both families, the princely representative of generations, ay of chivalrous and illustrious ancestors, to whom was opened so glorious a career, hopes, prospects, even existence, blasted in one short day! O horror! How would his sensitive nature survive the knowledge of his shame? And could she endure the torture of the world's rude stare and ruder scorn? Better a thousand times were death! But death seldom comes to those who desire it the most, and Lady Adelaide was young, healthy, and strong to suffer.

She could not summon courage to speak of her newly-acquired knowledge, and the morrow dawned hopeless and desolate. The great change in her appearance could not but strike Chichester with dismay, but having been absent for several days, he did not know how sudden the alteration had been, and declared that he saw very plainly she was bored to death in that stupid place moping alone all the time. In vain she assured him such was not the case; he insisted that she should prepare to go to Paris immediately and mingle in the highest society that befitted his wife! A convulsive shudder passed over her as she reflected how little claim she had to that title, but fancying she was nervous and low-spirited, he took no notice of her agitation. In another week she was far away from the scenes amid which the misery of a life-time had been compressed.

The arrival of the Marquis and beautiful Marchioness of Tremorne created much stir in fashionable circles at Paris, for no one gave such magnificent entertainments as they, and the Juno-like charms of the lady threw all competitors into the shade. Some of the more envious remarked that they did not believe the noble pair lived happily together, for the lady had always a heart-broken expression when at rest, and her transitions from frigid dignity to wild laughter and gay badinage were much too sudden to be natural. But the crowd of fashionable butterflies continued to dine and sup at the luxurious table of the marquis, declaring they saw nothing amiss—all a myth; the Lady Adelaide was a splendid woman, and Lord Chichester the best-natured fellow in the world.

Three weeks thus passed, and Lady Adelaide's birthday was approaching. Tremorne, determined to eclipse all former displays on this occasion, had announced his intentions of throwing wide his doors, and no expense or labor was spared to make his hotel a fairy palace. The evening came and gay throngs along with it. Lady Adelaide had never appeared so brilliant before, and as the queen of the night all eyes were constantly upon her; many envied the fortunate possessor of such a gem, while Tremorne thought he had never realized the extent of her wonderful wit and beauty until now. When the guests had dispersed, with the exception of two or three gentlemen, Chichester's particular friends, Lady Adelaide retired to her apartment; as she entered the room, the full length reflection of her figure in a mirror caught her notice; pausing, she looked steadily at it, a bitter smile crossing her face, and exclaimed:

"I have kept my resolve. I said that one month should pass ere I committed any rash deed, and through four weeks of inexpressible anguish have I lived, striving in vain to gather courage to publish my shame, and I now know that courageous as I am called, I am a coward, and cannot brave the finger of contempt and scorn. Poor human nature can bear no more than I have already endured, and for my intended sin be the author of my misery answerable!"

In a short time Chichester's friends departed, and he sought Lady Adelaide to compliment her on the part she had played that evening, but on entering her boudoir it was tenantless, and her maid had not seen her since the first part of the night. Thinking she might be in the nursery, as was her custom before retiring, he went thither, but its only occupant was the rosy Arthur smiling in his tranquil sleep. He was about to leave the room, when a note on a stand caught his eye; it was addressed to himself, and with astonishment he recognized Lady Adelaide's handwriting; hastily tearing it open he glanced at its contents—his last letter to Mary, and the fearful words in pencil on it, "I know *all*—Adelaide."

An icy chillness struck through every limb, and his brain fairly reeled as the consequences of the fact implied in this sentence rushed full upon him. The disgraceful notoriety, the awful displeasure of Lady Adelaide's family, and the banishment from all society, when his injured and outraged victim should have published her wrongs to the world, completely overwhelmed him. She had doubtless fled, and must be overtaken before the fatal words were spoken that could not be recalled, and nearly beside himself, he rushed from the hotel with but one idea—to prevent her taking passage for England alone.

Through the deserted streets with the hush of night upon them, the figure of a woman wrapped in a dark mantle sped swiftly along. Occasionally the chill breeze blew aside her cloak, and the luminous glitter of diamonds flashed upon the sight. Soon her rapid steps brought her to one of the many bridges that encompass the city; here she paused, and leaned over the parapet. Was it fatigue, or a desire to watch the turbid waves dash up against the stone piers, that induced her to lean over and gaze into the inky depths? Perhaps neither—and yet one should have strong motive to stand in such a place at such a time, and dressed for a ball-room, looking into the water as if fascinated by some unhallowed spell.

"There is rest!" murmured the woman. "I have tried to bear my lot, but my heart fails me, and surely I have heard, that he who wilfully takes the responsibility of forcing himself unbidden into his Maker's presence, ensures an hereafter of unending misery. What matter? The fiercest torments of the condemned can but equal the inward strife of the last month. It is but a choice of evils, and I am arrived at that pass where the unknown terrors appal less than the known. Courage, then! One step, and I am free."

A hurried glance at the starless sky, the distant city lights, the dark, massive walls of the building that frowned down on her, and one quick plunge—a white robe cleaving the sullen waves, and this life was ended—eternity begun. Blame her not, for she was not accountable for the act; it is true, she did not reflect, nor forget the arguments of religion against the course she was about to take; but because there was method in her madness, she was none the less hopelessly insane.

The next day the mysterious disappearance of the Marchioness Tremorne, was in every one's mouth, but ere its close, a great crowd was assembled in the Morgue, gazing at the corpse of the once lovely woman.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH.

BY EVELINE MURRAY.

Our early days, our early days!
O, with a gleam of light
They burn upon our vision sad,
All beautiful and bright!

When care and toil, alike unknown,
We laughed in thoughtless glee;
And dreamed, with childish innocence,
We ever thus should be.

When sorrow was but chastened joy,
And checked were all our tears,
By pleasant looks and soothing tones,
That bid adieu to fears.

Not now is ours the innocence,
The gladsomeness of youth;
For contact with the heartless world
Has robbed it of its truth.

Yet though the thought of care and toil
With grief the *spirit* weighs,
There comes the memory of the past,
To speak of brighter days.

Our early days, our early days!
Their memory still is ours,
To guide, to warn us, and to cheer,
In all our gloomy hours.

O, may these gleamings of the past
Still warn us when we stray;
Nor e'er permit the world to drive
Our childlike trust away!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

UNDER THE STEPS.

BY ANNA M. CARTER.

All the people belonging to a certain set or clique in the city of Philadelphia, were thrown into a high state of excitement, by the circulation of a report to the effect that Mrs. John Sherwood, the leader of the ton, was to give a grand ball on the seventeenth, it being the first only, when the report was spread. Numerous were the conjectures as to who would be invited. Those who felt themselves sure of an invitation were filled with proud delight, and though no cards had been issued and it was uncertain even whether the ball would take place, they were already taxing their brains, and the patience of their friends, as to what dresses they should wear. Those who did not feel so sure of being guests (and the number was small), manifested, outwardly, an appearance of dignified indifference, though inwardly vexing themselves with various reasons why they should or should not be invited. Miss Angelina Skilarque heard of the approaching ball, through her maid, who had it direct from Mrs. Stanton's butler, who was told by that pert waiting-maid of that proud Mrs Adams, who got her information from Leopold, Mrs. Sherwood's nephew's valet, and so there could not possibly be any mistake in a story received in such a direct manner. All Mrs. Sherwood's followers and admirers had begun to doubt the truth of the report when about ten days before the seventeenth cards were received. No one was left in the back-ground. Every one who could claim the smallest acquaintance with Mrs. Sherwood received an invitation, and now everybody's mind was filled with the preparations for the approaching ball which was understood would be the most splendid affair of the season, far surpassing any other of Mrs. Sherwood's fetes, which were always very brilliant.

Mrs. John Sherwood was a widow, and immensely wealthy, as well as very amiable. All who knew her intimately loved her, and those who could only claim a passing acquaintance, admired her for her beauty and grace. Her husband had died some ten years previously, leaving her with one daughter, Helen, then ten, and two orphan nephews, cousins of each other, one thirteen—Gerald Dean; the other, Edward Sherwood, eighteen.

The ball was to celebrate the third anniversary of the marriage of Gerald Dean and Ellen Sherwood, and the return of Edward Sherwood from abroad, where he had been for seven years. There were many whispers concerning Edward Sherwood, and his conduct abroad. People said he was very wild, and had plunged into almost every species of dissipation while abroad, and had only come home now, having spent all his own property, in hopes of gaining something from his aunt. What everybody said, this time happened to be true. That his aunt was fully aware of what his course of conduct had been while away, was shown in her resolutely resisting all his endeavors to extort money from her.

Gerald Dean, the son of Mrs. Sherwood's only sister, was the very reverse of his cousin. He was calm, steady and high-minded.

Dissipated and unprincipled, Edward Sherwood had made love to his cousin Helen, and though justly rebuked, still persecuted her with his attentions. A few days previous to the ball, the following conversation took place between Edward Sherwood and his valet, Leopold, like his master in want of principle and love of dissipation. Edward was restlessly pacing the garden path bordering the river, for Mrs. Sherwood's garden extended to the banks of the Delaware. Backwards and forwards paced Edward Sherwood, sometimes kicking pebbles into the water, at other times pausing as if to listen. After a few minutes of impatient waiting, he was joined by his valet. He raised his head as his servant approached, and saluted him with:

"What the deuce kept you so long?"

Leopold shrugged his shoulders and grinned like an ape, as he replied:

"I was endeavoring to make myself agreeable to your amiable aunt, and striving to find out some way by which I could make her untie the strings of her money-bags, and give her affectionate and dutiful nephew what he needs so much."

"Entirely useless, my good Leopold. She is entirely too hard-fisted to give such an unlucky dog as myself, even a sou. You must now exert your fertile brain to devise some scheme by which we can be suddenly rich, and leave this cursed place, where one has to play saint, and go back to gay Paris. I am now desperate, Leopold, and care for nothing but obtaining money enough to take me to Paris and keep me there, for a time, at least."

Leopold was a cunning Frenchman, with a shrewd face, upon which lines caused by every evil passion were engraved, giving him the appearance of being much older than he really was. When his master spoke his little black eyes sparkled with joy, and he remained for some time seemingly only gazing at the gravel, though really thinking deeply. Suddenly raising his head, he approached Sherwood and said:

"I have a plan to propose which will secure you a fortune if we are lucky, if not, a—" And he smilingly passed his finger round his throat and pointed upwards.

"Go on, Leopold. I care very little what it be, so that I gain the money and bid farewell to this cursed place."

"Listen then. Gerald Dean must be got into some disgrace; charged with forgery, embezzling, or theft; the officers must be sent for; you will feel badly and go to his wife, your cousin Helen, and upon her promising to give you a considerable sum of money, you will promise to hush up the affair and get her husband out of the country. This is only a rough sketch. I must take time to mature it. What say you?"

"I think the plan feasible, but my cousin Gerald is so deuced proper and upright that I do not see how we can possibly make it appear that he is guilty of anything. There's the rub, my prince of evil."

"Leave me until to morrow, and I will have a plan arranged which shall not fail."

So saying, the two rogues separated, after agreeing to meet the next day in the same place. The ensuing day found Edward Sherwood and Leopold at the same place. Edward was the first to speak.

"Leopold, I have a plan. It seems as if Satan himself were in league to help us. Yesterday, after I left you, and was sauntering down Tenth Street in search of some adventure, some person clapped me on the shoulder, and turning, I saw a fellow by the name of Hargrave, cashier of the Old Town bank, an intimate friend of Gerald's and an acquaintance of my own. He seemed very nervous, and asked me many questions about Paris and various other places, and the probability of living there. After walking along sometime, in almost total silence, he suddenly demanded if I would risk a little to make some thousand dollars. I, of course, told him I would, whereupon he seized my hand, declaring I was just the man for him, and after my swearing everlasting secrecy, he told me he intended to decamp with a large sum of money, half of which he would give me, if I would contrive to throw the suspicion on somebody else. I of course agreed instanter, for it flashed across my mind that Gerald Dean, the fellow's friend, could be made to seem guilty. Some of the missing notes must be placed in his drawer or desk, a note left somewhere implicating, him etc. Can't you manage it, my friend?"

"Yes, if I am gainer."

"You shall have a third of what I make if you will do it. My plan is this: The night of the ball I will contrive that Hargrave shall be constantly with Gerald; I can tell him he must do so to help me. That night Hargrave is to bring me my share of the money, and immediately after the ball, is to depart for Paris in a sailing vessel. He will also give you some money for yourself and a portion to be placed in Gerald's desk. The following day the president of the bank will discover the disappearance of his worthy cashier, and a note that will implicate Gerald. His house will be searched, the money found in his possession, and he will be imprisoned to await his trial, and as soon as that is done, we must away, so have everything in readiness. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, I will do my best, and you know that I am almost sure of success," replied Leopold, and his master sauntered off. Leopold gazed after him a moment, then rubbing his hands together, while his keen, malicious black eyes twinkled with joy, he exclaimed, half aloud.

"In for a goose, in for a gander. I will make something on my own account, and not be always trusting to the generosity of others." And chuckling to himself he moved off.

The evening of the ball arrived at last, and Mrs. Sherwood's elegant mansion was filled to overflowing with the beauty and fashion of Philadelphia. The whole house was thrown open, and every room, as well as the spacious garden, was brilliantly illuminated and decorated. Rendered conspicuous by his great height, manly bearing and beauty, was Charles Hargrave. Everywhere that Gerald went Hargrave followed like a shadow. In and out of the refreshment rooms and garden, passed Leopold, watching every look and motion of Edward and Gerald. The ball passed off finely, and everybody went home happy and satisfied, little dreaming of the wicked plot being carried out under their very eyes.

The ensuing day, as Helen Dean was sitting in the library, busily sewing, while her husband read to her, she was annoyed by a slight noise in the hall. She rose and went out of the room to ascertain the cause, and to her surprise, upon looking down the stairs, she saw Thomas, the old gray-headed butler, refusing to admit two gentlemen who stood on the steps. With a light, swift step Helen glided down stairs to the door, and bade Thomas open it immediately. When they had entered and the door closed behind them, Helen saw they were police officers, and with beating heart and vague presentiment of evil, she inquired their business.

The two officers hesitated, looked from one to the other, then the oldest of the two approached Helen and said, kindly and respectfully:

"You will pardon me, my dear madam, but my errand is a painful one, and it is best you should not know, at least, not at present."

"Whom does it affect?" asked Helen.

"Your husband," replied the man.

"Then, sir, you will oblige me by telling me your errand, before you go with it to my husband."

The man looked pained and irresolute for a moment, then said:

"Well, perhaps it is best. Charles Hargrave, cashier of the Old Town bank, is missing, also a large amount of capital. From a torn and crumpled note found in his desk, directed to your husband, it is supposed he had some participation in the affair. The address of the note is very legible, and the contents bids him receive what had been promised him for his aid in the affair, and is signed—Charles Hargrave."

Helen stood white and speechless for some moments, then she covered her face with her hands and wept. A moment or two she remained thus, then raised her head, and said with touching dignity: "You must permit me to precede you and explain to Mr. Dean the nature of your errand. It will come with less bewildering force from my lips. In a moment or two you may follow me and do your duty."

With slow and faltering steps she ascended the stairs, paused at the door, then with firm resolve entered the room and closed the door behind her. A few moments the door remained closed, then it was re-opened, and the sweet voice of Helen Dean bade them commence their search. They searched every room, leaving the library until the last. When they entered the room Gerald rose and came forward.

"I am very sorry, gentlemen, you should be obliged to do this, but every place must be thoroughly examined that you may go away wholly convinced of my perfect innocence. I am scarcely surprised that I should be suspected, when such a person as Charles Hargrave is guilty, which I am unwilling to believe."

The officers, men intimately acquainted with the spotless reputation and goodness of Gerald, merely bowed, and proceeded with their investigation. Helen resumed her sewing, though her fingers trembled so violently that she was obliged to lay her work aside. While the search was going on, Edward Sherwood rushed in.

"Gerald, Gerald, my cousin!" he cried, "what is it that I hear!"

Gerald in a steady voice confirmed the news Edward had heard from old Thomas.

"O, Gerald Dean—I do not think you are guilty. I do not think you could be so infatuated! I do not believe it."

"Thank you, Edward, but I am wholly innocent, as will soon be proved. I have only to submit to this a little while," said Gerald.

"Merciful Father!"

The words were full of anguish, and so was the face of Helen, for she it was who had uttered that exclamation, for upon opening her husband's writing desk, the officers had found a large roll of bills, and a note exactly corresponding to the one which had led Gerald to be suspected. The men looked astonished, and Gerald turned a shade paler, though he spoke with customary calmness.

"I do not see through this. Upon my sacred honor I am wholly guiltless of any knowledge of the fraud. These bills and that note I never saw before, never. Helen," and he turned to his almost fainting wife, "I am wholly innocent."

His words and looks re-assured her, if for a moment she had doubted, and with a calm, hopeful smile, she stood by his side. The oldest officer approached.

"I am sorry, madam, but the law must be obeyed. I feel sure that Mr. Dean is guiltless, nevertheless the money has been found in his possession, and he must be confined until proof of his innocence is established, which without doubt will be."

Just at this moment Thomas entered, dragging along Leopold, and closely followed by a stranger.

"I've got the villain! Please secure him, gentlemen, for he wriggles like a snake, and I can hold him no longer."

The officers came forward and took hold of Leopold, who now shook with fear, and turning to Thomas asked him to state his reasons for calling the man a villain, and laying violent hands on him.

"Please, sir, he is the guilty one. When I heard that my dear young master was to be taken to jail, for a thing he never did, I was most crazy, and determined to find my mistress, for if anybody could get us out of the trouble, she could. A few minutes before you came, I saw her go into the garden, and so I went in search of her. As I crossed the garden I thought she might be in the pavilion, and I was just going up the steps when I heard a noise under them, and I stopped to listen. I popped my head under and there I saw Mr. Leopold talking with this person," and he made a motion of his hand towards the stranger who had followed him. "Mr. Leopold was just cramming something into his pocket, when he saw me and tried to slip away, but I seized him, and with the help of the man, got him here. I believe the rascally Frenchman is at the bottom of this. He had better be searched."

With great rapidity Leopold's pockets and clothes were searched, and a large sum of money in Old Town bills were found, together with some jewels belonging to Mrs. Sherwood. As soon as the search was finished, the stranger stepped forward, and throwing off coat, wig, and a false pair of whiskers, stood before their astonished eyes, Charles Hargrave. Bidding an officer prepare to take down all he said, he thus began.

"I beg all of you to listen. I have come before you as innocent as I ever was, and if for a time I have lost my good name and seemed guilty, it was only that I might bring to justice two of the most unmitigated scoundrels that ever lived. A few days ago, I overheard, by accident, a vile plot invented by Edward Sherwood and his valet, Leopold," and he gave the details with which our readers are already acquainted. "I resolved to frustrate the scheme, and for that end determined upon the plan which I have carried out. The plan succeeded admirably. One, the servant, by his cupidity, has gone further, and for having stolen Mrs. Sherwood's diamonds, has rendered himself worthy of imprisonment, without making it necessary to expose the agency of Edward Sherwood, who for his aunt's sake we must consent to let go free."

"On your words as gentlemen," he said, turning to the officers, "I wish you to promise that what has transpired in this room be buried in your hearts, for the sake of the admirable woman whose name this scoundrel bears."

Turning to Edward, he told him he was to leave immediately for Paris, that his passage had been engaged and paid, and handed him a purse containing a very considerable sum, which his aunt gave him, that he might never be tempted to sin again. Charles Hargrave returned to the bank, and was received with joyful surprise by the president; and by his return effectually put a stop to all disreputable rumors. Old Thomas often laughs over the discomfiture of the hated French valet when he discovered him Under the Steps.

NEVER.

Never up your beaver to a fine lady, and pass a poor widow without seeming to see her.

Never pass an aged man or woman, without making a reverential obeisance, unless your house is on fire.

Never break your neck to bow at all to a "sweet sixteen," with a flounced dress, who is ashamed of her old-fashioned mother; or to a strutting collegiate who is horrified at his grandmother's bad grammar.

Never keep a boy to black your boots and attend to the stable, while you frighten your wife out of the idea of keeping a nurse for the twins, by constantly talking of "hard times."

Never converse with a lady, with a cigar in your mouth, or smoke in anybody's company without apologizing for the same.

Never remind people of personal deformity, or of the relatives who have disgraced them.

Never leave a letter unanswered, and use the stamp which was enclosed to you to "reply with," on a letter to your own sweetheart.

Never ride in a fine carriage and keep a score of servants, while your widowed sister trudges along on foot, and toils for her daily bread.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for the making.

Never turn a deaf ear to a woman in distress, because you cannot see how you would be the gainer by her bettered condition.

Never wound wantonly the sensitive nature of a constitutional invalid; or by rude jests and sarcasm send a blush to the temples of modest merit.

Never jest with a single woman about the anxiety of all women to be married; nor tell your wife you married her because you pitied her lonely condition.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

ORIGIN OF A NAME.

The father of Return J. Meigs was born at Middleton, in Connecticut. For some time prior to settlement in life, he addressed a fair Quakeress at Middlefield, some few miles from his father's residence, and found much difficulty in obtaining her hand. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee, for 'better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox and contention therewith.'" Mr. Meigs finally told Ruth that he was paying his last visit as a lover, and should strive to form an alliance with another family, and would therefore bid her *farewell*. The kind and lengthened word pronounced with so much softness, fell upon her heart with healing in its tone, and as he mounted his horse to ride off, the Quakeress, relenting, beckoned him to stop, exclaiming: "*Return Jonathan! Return, Jonathan!*" Mr. Meigs went back, and fixed on a day for the celebration of the nuptials. The first fruit of their union was a son, and the father, in commemoration of the happiest words he ever heard spoken, had him baptized, "*Return Jonathan,*" who rose to distinction, and subsequently to the office of Postmaster General of the United States.—*Akron Democracy.*

News Glances.

Hydrophobia.—There have been many cases of this horrible and fatal disease among human beings this fall. Why will people keep useless curs about them, to the imminent risk of the lives of every man, woman and child of the family? No dogs are exempt from the attacks of hydrophobia, and the terrible disease, it has been proved, will sometimes follow the bite of a dog, though the animal may not have evinced any rabid symptoms. It cannot be cured, the person who has hydrophobia *must die!*

Female Physicians.—The education of females for the medical profession is becoming more general than is commonly supposed. We see it stated that the number of students in the New England Female Medical College during the past year, was thirty-eight. Eight diplomas have been granted during the last three years, and the college is said to be in a very flourishing condition.

Drunken Fish.—Recent London papers report that an immense vat in a brewery at Langport, in England, burst the other day, and 2500 gallons of strong beer ran into the River Parrett, the consequence of which was that thousands of fish were picked up in a stupefied state.

Eccentric Lady.—In the town of Winthrop, four miles from Boston, there lives a lady of 70 years, who has never visited Boston, or been out of the town, or seen a railroad. She was born in the house in which she now resides, was married there, and has always lived there.

Theatrical.—Miss Davenport's late engagement in this city has been successful to the highest degree. It is some two years since we saw her perform prior to this engagement, during which period she has improved largely by foreign travel, observation and study.

A great Business.—At a brick kiln in Sacramento, Cal., there were recently burned one and a half million of bricks—the largest number, it is said, ever burned together. The wood required cost about $3000.

How true it is.—Prosperity tries the human heart with the deepest probe, and draws forth the hidden character. We struggle with adversity, but success disarms us.

A growing City.—The Chicago Times states that 3750 buildings have been erected in that city since the first of the year.

Wealthy.—Boston alone possesses one-tenth of the whole wealth of the United States.

A sad Reflection.—It is said that there are more paupers than voters in England.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

VEGETABLE DIET.

The vegetarians have not altogether died out, though they do not make quite so much noise and talk as they used to. Perhaps one reason is that carrots and cabbages have a sedative influence, and do not afford stimulus enough to enable their consumers to make any very striking demonstrations. However, we make this suggestion with great diffidence, for in a notice of the meeting of a highly respectable vegetarian society in one of our sister cities, lately, we noticed that a lady was very severe on cabbages, on account of their "latent intoxicating properties." The idea is terrific. Think of a gentleman being excited and noisy on "drum-heads," and carried up to bed and a prospective headache, after his third plate of greens! We have heard of another enthusiast, who went into raptures on the intimate union between "godliness and garden sarce." We were always under the impression that Nebachadnezzar was turned out to grass on account of his ungodliness. But this is an age of discovery.

We love enthusiasm—in whatever cause it is manifested. When our friend Fizzle renounced beefsteaks and mutton-chops, and ceased utterly to be carnivorous, we respected him for his self-denial. There was a fitness in the change. He was so excessively verdant that his partiality to greens was harmonious. And when his physician, finding his strength failing, told him that his life could only be saved by broiled mutton, he clung to his principles with martyr-like tenacity, and died, a vegetarian victim, faithful to the last. His ruling passion was strong in death, and his last words, "give me another carrot," melted the old colored woman, who nursed him, to an agony of tears.

We can imagine nothing more interesting than a *symposium* of vegetable-eaters. Not one of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," when North, and Tickler, and Hogg, and O'Doherty, and the rest of that brilliant conclave were gathered together in all their glory, could have exhibited such a spectacle. How much better it is to be passing the beets than "passing the rosy." And the thought of onions brings tears into the eyes. Certainly, they, at least, are sentimental vegetables.

But to be serious, we think that vegetables ought to enter largely into the daily consumption of every individual—vegetables and fruits in their season. They supply elements which cannot be dispensed with, but all efforts have failed to convince us that an *exclusive* vegetable diet is the best for the system. We think, rather, that the roast beef, turkey, and mutton, etc., fish, flesh and fowl, should be the principal features of a repast, and that the potatoes, cabbages, turnips, etc., should be the flankers. The Guachos, who gallop across the Pampas at the rate of from fifty to a hundred miles a day, live exclusively on jerked beef, and Sir Francis Head, who tried it, thought no other diet could sustain such tremendous exertion. But this is an error in the opposite extreme. To sustain body and mind in healthy equipoise, experience has shown that a mixed diet is the best, and that an exclusive vegetable, or an exclusive meat diet, if persisted in, produces disarrangements of the system.

THE BRIDE OF PARIS:

—OR,—

THE ROLL OF THE DRUM!

A Romance of the Revolution, the Reign of Terror, and the Days of Napoleon the Great.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

We shall next week commence in The Flag of our Union a most vivid and interesting novelette, entitled as above. We will not say one word in advance for it. It will tell its own story, and make a sensation exceeding all its predecessors in these columns.

TOO LENIENT.—Two villains, named Cassils, were sent to the State prison, lately, for the term of two years, for placing obstructions on the track of the Galena and Chicago Railroad. It seems to us that such a sentence hardly answers the ends of justice. The men were conscientious murderers, and we should hardly think them safe members of society after only two years' seclusion.

NEWSPAPERS ON THE CONTINENT.—The number of newspapers published in the little kingdom of Saxony is 220, in Austria 271, in Bavaria 178, in Wurtemberg 99, and in Hanover 89. Italy possesses 311 journals and reviews, and Switzerland more than 563.

LETTER STAMPS AND ENVELOPES.—The sale of letter stamps at the post-office in this city averages about $800 daily, and the number of stamped envelopes disposed of is about three thousand daily.

THE TWO EMPERORS.—Louis Napoleon is trying conspirators at Paris, and the black emperor of Hayti is trying them at Aux Cayes. Both of their majesties are severe on political criminals.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—The Portland and Liverpool line of screw steamers take passengers from Portland or Boston to Liverpool for $60.

PUNNING.—Finn's puns were often excellent. He once pointed out Dr. Scudder, the oculist, as the man who made *winglass* (eyes in glass).

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS—CATTLE SHOWS.

If there is anything in this world we relish heartily it is attending an agricultural fair and cattle show. It beats a country muster all to pieces—and yet we like country musters. In our "green and salad days," it was a fine thing to attend one of these parades on a young horse that didn't exactly like the cannon, and required some dexterity to induce him to "face the music." But for good solid entertainment, commend us to an agricultural festival. Even if we cannot taste the luscious peaches, and plums, and apples, and nectarines that load the table, the sight alone is gratifying and suggestive, and we know that somebody has an ample supply of them. Then what pictures of Thanksgiving joys are conjured up by an inspection of the jolly orange pumpkins, and the strutting turkeys that are to be metamorphosed into pies and roasts! We respect a plumed turkey as he parades in the poultry pen, but we know how much more respectable a bird he is when divested of his plumage and presenting his rich brown breast to the knife of the carver. We look upon the Suffolk pigs with very sanguinary feelings, extending our vision from the pig present to the roast pork in perspective. And so we go on, mentally, carnivorously, dissecting the unconscious animals as they are displayed before us in their stall-fed pinguidity. We love them as the New Zealander loved the bishop whom he afterwards devoured. Then the horses!—these raise us above carnal consideration—from the regions of sublunary care to the empyrean of poetry. If we, poor mortals, in our fallen state, have not wings, we have horses—almost a compensation. But the fairs are all over—the tents are struck, the peddlers are dispersed, the banners have been rolled up for a year, the good things have been disposed of, the reports have been made and the prizes awarded. Still, a great object has been accomplished. Zeal has been infused into the agricultural community—plans have been inspired for the coming year—ideas have been instilled, which, like good seed in good soil, will warm through the winter and germinate in the spring. Speed the plough! and good luck to the ploughman!

THE CROWNING OF ALEXANDER.

The emperor of Russia has been crowned—and we hope he feels better for it; and now we suppose the emperor of France will be crowned, for we believe the imperial diadem has not yet been formally placed upon his brows. Alexander has now the luxury of realizing the truth of the poet's adage:

"Uneasy sleeps the head beneath the crown."

We wonder if the people of Russia, the merchants, the boyards and the serfs, feel any better now that the firing and cheering and eating and drinking and parading are over. The affair must have cost a very pretty penny. It was a splendid pageant, no doubt, but does it pay? It is very agreeable to contrast one of these imperial pageants with the simple but august ceremonial of the investiture of a chief magistrate, chosen by a free people, with the trust they have reposed in him. No glittering guards surround the steps of the capitol from which he addresses the assembled multitude. And yet the plainly dressed man who swears to discharge his duties to his constituency of twenty-five millions, wields a moral power greater than that of the wearer of the proudest crown on earth.

Mabel, the Rector's Ward:

—OR,—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

We shall commence in next week's Pictorial a highly interesting Revolutionary romance of loyalty and love, under the above title. The plot of this story enters fully into the historical incidents of those exciting times, and is treated with all the accomplished author's usual tact and power.

BULL FIGHTING.—You cannot wean a Spaniard, man or woman, from a love of the bull-fight. Even pretty Eugenie, empress of the French, has been pining for her national sport, and she was lately gratified by a famous *fiesta de toros* at Bayonne. The usual scene of carnage took place, and the French emperor and empress saw it all out. *Pan y toros* (bread and bulls) are all a Spaniard needs to make him happy.

HORSEMANSHIP.—In the time of Charles I. a motion was made in Parliament that such as were chosen to serve in the army should be faithful and skilful riders. Mr. Waller said he "much approved the motion, for," said he, "it is most necessary that the riders be *faithful*, lest they run away with their horses, and *skilful*, lest their horses run away with them."

TOUCHING.—Nothing could be more beautiful than the answer of a little deaf and dumb boy in the London Asylum to the question "why God had blessed others with the faculties of speech and hearing, and deprived him of them?" He burst into tears, and wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

TOO BAD.—A ruffianly individual accosted a gentleman on 'change last week, and asked: "Why is water recently congealed like a magistrate?" (Answering himself:) "Because it is *justice*." We regret to add that the villain is still at large.

SHORT FACTS.—All blood may be said to be useless which is *in vein*. Spring is welcome to the trees because they are *re leaved* by its approach. A statesman begins to *lower* himself when he is *hired* by others.

CONUNDRUM.—What difference is there in the man who once kept a horse, but now has sold it? He then *rode along the walks*, and now he *walks along the road*.

HEAD GEAR.—Why are the bonnets now worn by the ladies like a sail-boat bottom up? Because they are *capsized*.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The buckwheat crop is said to have turned out very well this season.

The total loss by fires in the United States the past year was $13,390,000.

No less than five bears have been captured in Dunlap county this year.

The Bay State Mills, Lawrence, Mass., make 400,000 shawls a year.

Within the year some 14,000 Africans have been landed in Cuba.

When a Turkish store-keeper tells a lie his house is painted black.

The quarantine detention at New Orleans was suspended some weeks since.

A California jury in a suicide case "found the deceased a fool."

The whole population of Nebraska territory is set down at 10,716.

The Geneva Fireman's Journal has for its motto, "Out with the Masheen!"

A prohibitory liquor law has been postponed indefinitely in Wisconsin.

The expenditures of the city of Paris, last year, were over $16,000,000.

The surest way of pleasing others is to aid them to please us.

A nugget of gold, weighing 24 pounds, was lately found in Mariposa county, California.

Self-sufficiency is the most usual impediment in the progress of the young.

At San Francisco they are trying a new pavement made of cobblestone and asphaltum.

Do not judge wood by the bark, nor men by their exterior.

A French woman talks much more than she thinks—the reverse of an English woman.

There are rumors afloat of an Anglo-French demonstration against Naples.

Miss Davenport has improved greatly since her European tour.

The first crop of Malaga fruit turns out better than was expected.

CATERING FOR THE MASSES.

It appears at present—though circumstances may change even before the publication of this article, for human affairs are unstable enough—that our New York friends are not to have the Italian opera this season: even the indomitable Max Maretzek having been foiled in his attempt to establish it. This is owing to the pertinacity with which the stockholders of the Academy of Music refuse to relinquish their free seats and the choice of them in the house. Of course, with this drawback, and with the enormous rent of two thousand dollars a month, Max could see nothing but bankruptcy ahead, and to this circumstance, untoward to the music-loving people of New York, we owe the regaling of our ears in Boston. But to secure the permanent establishment of such a choice treat as Italian opera in any of our cities there must be an entire change of the system. Hitherto managers have catered for an exclusive class, and exclusiveness is the death of all great enterprises in this country. All schemes involving large expenditure must be presented for support to the million—must be placed within the reach of all. Now musical culture is so widely diffused in this country, that the mass, the million, appreciate it as fully as what is called the "upper ten." But the million must have their music cheap. In order to accomplish this result, singers must abate the exorbitancy of their claims for remuneration; such salaries as they have hitherto commanded would swamp any manager. They must learn that it is better to have constant employment at fair salaries than occasional employment at fabulous prices. The splendid success of Jenny Lind when Barnum reduced his prices shows what may be done by catering to the million. It is precisely so with newspapers—the high-priced ones just manage to live—the low-priced ones, when worthy of patronage, are liberally supported. Whoso trusts to the million will be sure to receive his reward; while the man who relies on the liberality of exclusives, trusts to a broken reed.

OBEYING ORDERS.—A tailor, who had made a gentleman's coat and waistcoat too small, had orders to take them home and "let them out." Some days after, the gentleman, inquiring for the garments, was politely told by the schneider that the coat and waistcoat happening to fit a friend of his, he had "let them out at eighteen pence a week."

LIGHT READING.—The Pekin Gazette informs us that the emperor of China is reading the proof sheets of a Chinese Conversational Dictionary in the progress of publication, in 168,000 volumes. We learn that an abridgement in 100,000 volumes is to be published for the use of schools.

FOR THE LADIES.—By passing a cake of white soap a few times over a piece of glazed calico, or any other stiffened material, the needle will penetrate as easily as it will through any other kind of work.

BOOKS.—Lord Bacon's advice is, "Not many, but good books," which is, by the way, an ill-considered phrase; for if he had merely said "good books," he might have spared himself the trouble of saying "not many."

A GOOD REPLY.—When Francis I. asked Castellan, Bishop of Orleans, whether he was of noble extraction, the prelate replied: "Sire, Noah had three sons in the ark; I cannot tell from which I am descended."

THINK OF IT.—A young lady, fond of dancing, traverses in the course of a single season about four hundred miles. Yet no lady would think of walking that distance in six months.

A HINT.—Drapery should never form part of the furniture of a room intended for music. It destroys the reverberation by absorbing the sound.

A POSER.—"What's the use," asked a ragged fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?"

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." A Tale of 1812. A highly interesting story of events during our last war with Great Britain. By MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"The Princess of Babylon," a story by CHARLES W. STEVENS.

"Touch-me-not," a song by FRANK FERRLOTT.

"Evelyn Seymour," a tale by SUSAN H. PLAISTED.

"A Memory," in verse by ELIZA F. MOSHERTY.

"Too miserable by half," a story by HERBERT LINTON.

"The Travelling Maids," a sketch by MRS. E. WILLMONT.

"A Mother's Plaint," verses by MILDRED MONTROSE

"The Merchant's Entry," a tale of New Orleans, by BELL BRANDER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View of the city of Rome, in the State of Georgia.

A group of pictures delineating the manner in which water is distributed in the East, representing Water-Carriers and Sellers, and the vessels and manner in which the article is conveyed.

Views in the city of Detroit, Michigan, showing, first, a representation of the old State House; second, the Water Works; third the Post-Office. fourth, St. Ann's Church; and, fifth, the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Portrait of Hon. Amasa J. Parker, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

A representation of the Monument to be erected to the Memory of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, Mass.

A striking picture, delineating to the life a Spanish Gipsey Girl, illustrated by letter-press description of the habits, manners and characteristics of this singular people.

. The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4.00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The patronage of the Bishop of Durham, England, is equal to £40,000 a year.

They have had dreadful freshets in Switzerland. The Rhine has been prolific of dead bodies washed into it.

Rich deposits of tin have been discovered in Australia, and large shipments of the ore have been made to England.

Jewelry to the extent of 100,000 florins was recently stolen from the Baroness de Rothschild, of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

A professor in Paris has been astonishing the natives by instantly curing the colds of prima donnas, and restoring their voices to those who had lost them.

The Sardinian government has demanded an explanation and indemnity from Tuscany, for the recent expulsion from Florence of a party of student visitors.

The cloak rooms of several of the English railway companies' stations are said to yield over £1000 a year. The charge is a penny per article for anything left there.

Of all the men and women now living in London, more than half are of external birth; upwards of a million have come from the Provinces, or Scotland and Ireland, or from abroad.

The Madrid correspondence of the Paris Journal des Debats, says that the Queen and O'Donnell are so much at variance that O'Donnell had tendered his resignation, but, for the present, it is not accepted.

Recent English papers report the arrival of a clipper ship from Shanghae with probably the largest and most valuable shipment of silks and tea yet brought in one ship, the cargo being worth nearly two million dollars.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He who censures mankind too much must needs censure himself.

The tongue and the heart of the hypocritical man never agree.

The man who injures another is more to be pitied than the man he harms.

Applause is the spur of able minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

For one truly well born and well bred there is no vulgarity except in the mind.

It is more concerns thee to mend one fault thyself, than to find out a thousand in others.

Despise not the humble man; he is a true temple of God, though he have but a low roof.

The sweet light of friendship, like the light of phosphorus, is seen plainly when all around is dark.

Friendship is a silent gentleman, that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

His style shows the man. Whether in speaking or writing, a gentleman is always known by his style.

One moment! what an effect it produces upon years! One moment! virtue, crime, shame, glory, woe, rapture, rest upon it! Death itself is but a moment, yet eternity is its successor.

A good understanding with a bad will makes a very unhappy conjunction. That is an unlucky wit which is employed to do evil. Knowledge will become folly, if good sense do not take care of it.

Those that admonish their friends, says Plutarch, should observe this rule, not to leave them with sharp expressions. Ill language destroys the force of reprehension, which should be always given with prudence and circumspection.

Joker's Budget.

Pin money—the receipts of a bowling alley.

A child wanting to describe a snake to his aunt, said it was "a thing all tail clear up to the head."

We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

"From our *private* correspondent," as the father said when he received a letter from a son who had enlisted as a common soldier.

If you wish to attract attention, go into church some Sunday, after the services have begun, in a pair of new squeaking boots, and parade up the broad aisle.

"What are you looking at from the window?" said a gentleman to his son. "At two men wrestling," said the boy. "That's a try-fling affair," said the father.

A man came into a printing-office to beg a paper. "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

Spillerism.—A sailor is not a sailor when he is a-board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a-shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard: therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

There are two eventful periods in the life of woman—one, when she wonders who she will have; the other, who will have her. The first query dates at sixteen—the next at forty.

Definition.—A sailor's wife, wife of Mr. Wm. Reed, 25, of Edgartown, Mrs Sarah Cowell, 61 At Northampton, Miss Martha Clapp, 61; Mrs. Annie J. Carter, 19.

At Holyoke, Mrs. Mary Ann Adams, 29. Mrs Mary Maloney, 61. Miss Isabella Maloney, 25.

At Sandwich, Mr. Heman Tobey, of Boston, 30.

At Brewster, Widow Temperance Snow, 74. Capt. Christopher Rogers, 78.

At Nantucket, Mr. George E. Gardner, 60. Mrs. Zilpha, wife of Mr. Peter Ray, 80.

At Ellsworth, Me., Mr. Calvin Pond, formerly of Boston, 66.

Mr. Jonathan Brown, of Salem, 64 years old, died suddenly, recently, while at the residence of his brother-in-law, South Danvers. A lady had just been brought into the house, faint, and the agitation produced by this occurrence probably excited a disease of the heart, to which he was known to be liable, and which probably caused his decease.

Carl Ullrich, a German, was lately arrested in a house in New York, being a fugitive from justice, having fled from London, where he is charged with having counterfeited the water marks of the Bank of England notes. When arrested he was at work engraving a counterfeit $2 plate on the Rockville Bank, of Rockville, Maine.

One morning, recently, in New York city, a mad ox rushed suddenly through the streets. He attacked a man named Cornelius Lynch, gorging his abdomen and tearing out his intestines. A woman was also knocked down and considerably injured. The animal was finally shot.

While a straw peddler was driving through the streets of New York, one day, recently, sitting upon the straw, some malicious rascal set fire to it, and he was speedily surrounded by flames. He escaped with slight injury, but the horse was rescued with great difficulty.

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding day. One of her bridesmaids asked the subject of her meditations. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry in case I should become a widow."

Dr. R. L. Cowper, of Murfreesboro', N. C., has recovered twenty-five thousand dollars damages from the Welden and Wilmington Railroad Company, for injuries sustained in a collision on that road in February, 1855.

A writer in the Westminster Review says that the rebels in China who profess to favor Christianity say, that they do it because the God of the Christians "makes his favorites powerful in war and invulnerable at sea."

At the recent election in Maine, in the town of Garland, Rev. Father Sawyer, one hundred and one years of age, went to the polls and voted for Hamlin. He has voted for every President since Washington.

During the last financial year, the debt of the Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions has increased from $20,509 to $36,189. Their expenditures during the year were $323,000.

The schooner "Dean Richmond," which sailed from Chicago last summer, direct for Liverpool, has safely arrived, landing her cargo of breadstuffs in good order.

A company has been formed in England, called the Australian Auxiliary Steam Clipper Co. It has a capital of £250,000, and has already purchased three vessels.

The tea plant has been successfully cultivated at Santa Cruz, in California, from seeds found last spring in a caddy purchased for consumption.

The German newspapers in the United States are said to number two hundred and fifty, which is ten times as many as there are printed in all Germany.

David Hunt, Esq., of Jefferson county, Mississippi, has just presented to Oakland College the munificent sum of fifty thousand dollars.

The Texas sugar crop is said to be a failure in some parts of the State, while the cotton crop will be better than last year.

Herr Standige, the celebrated singer and instructor of Jenny Lind, died in a mad-house at Vienna, recently.

The Baltimore Patriot announces the death of the Hon. John Johnson, Chancellor of Maryland.

The National Intelligencer wishes the day of the adoption of the Constitution to be observed as a holiday.

Every man should do his best to own a home, to beautify it and render it attractive.

The onion, it is said, destroys the attractive body of the magnet. It is strong enough.

Slander meets no regard from noble minds; only the base believe what the base only utter.

Quill and Scissors.

It is said that an electric cannon has been invented, fired without a touch-hole, by means of electricity. The conducting and non-conducting wires are introduced into the cannon during its manufacture, and cut off close to the surface; so that, in the event of the guns falling into the hands of the enemy they would fail to discover, at least for some time, how the cannon was discharged.

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Marriages.

In this city by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Harley Ellis to Miss Sarah A. Hennessey.

By Rev. Mr. Bickle, Mr. Rupert D. G. Davideon to Miss Isabella Anderson.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. William Plummer to Miss Martha E. Everett.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Francis Krogman to Miss Sarah P. Griffin.

By Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Charles G. Bell to Miss Mary A. Shillitoe.

By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. James Medford to Miss Lizzie Harris.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. Thomas L. Summers, of Boston, to Miss Sarah A. Norton.

At North Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Damon, Mr. Joseph A. Bryden, of Boston, to Miss Georgie L. Harrington.

At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. Samuel F. Holt to Miss Mary J. Dustin.

At Lawrence, by Rev. Dr. Packard, Mr. Charles H. Bean, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Anna M. Barton.

At Braintree, by Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. David McNaughton to Miss Mary A. Innes, both of Boston.

At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Richmond, Mr. Samuel N. Brown, Jr., of Boston, to Miss Ruth C. Hackett.

At Foxboro', by Rev. Mr. Garrette, J. E. Bartlett, M. D., of Somerville, to Miss Antoinette F. Carpenter.

At North Bridgewater, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Henry Snell to Miss Lucia K. Clapp.

At Newburyport by Rev. Mr. Wildes, Mr. George F. Brown, of Haverhill, to Miss Annie T. Wildes.

At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. James W. Bicknell, of Boston, to Miss Caroline D. Barnes.

Deaths.

In this city, Kliphalet P. Hartshorn, Esq., 74; Widow Pamela Bates, of Springfield, 77; Mrs. Lucy, widow of the late Hon. Luther Lawrence, 82; Mrs. Almira Trott, 47; Mr. Henry M. Holman, 24; Miss Hannah E. Brudlee, 69; Mr. Alvin W. Odell, 28; Mr. John A. Stone, 22. Mrs. Mary Stanley, 40; Mr. Francis Still, printer, 39. Miss Isabella Matheson, 21. Mrs. Phidelia P. M. Dyer, 25. Mrs. Mary Blake Paige, 60; Mr. David Murphy, 27.

At Charlestown, Mr. Ephraim Currier, 67; Mr. John Elliot, 59.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Lois White, 90; Miss Hannah Lincoln Humphrey, 20.

At Roxbury, Mr. Erasmus T. Codman, 23.

At Cambridgeport, Mr. Louis Lemire, 56.

At Jamaica Pain, Mrs. Eliza, wife of Mr. Pliny Nickerson, of Boston, 40.

At Quincy, Mr. James Gibson, 62.

At Andover, Mrs. Mary Stuart, wife of Professor Austin Phelps.

At Salisbury, Capt. Nicholas P. French, 76.

At Fall River, Mr. Joseph Brightman, 50; Mrs. Martha Jane Wilbur, 22.

At Fairhaven, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Hammond, 37.

At Taunton, Widow Hannah K. Dean, 68.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Abby, wife of Mr. Wm. Reed, 25.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

OLD MERCHANT GOLD.

Gold, Red Gold, is a merchant old,
And from manhood's dawn has bought and sold,
In every country and every clime,
The products and trophies of workman Time.
The broad, round world is his ledger page,
His invoices are of every age;
There breathes not a being, who does not hold
The "promise to pay" of Merchant Gold.

The maiden who sits in her lonely bower,
And waits, heart-broken, the nuptial hour,
Where merry bells, mid pomp and pride,
Shall ring to honor the rich man's bride;
Though *he* is not present she loves so well,
To speak a long and last farewell,
Is she not bargained for? is she not sold
To that rare old merchant, pure Red Gold?

The miser, who steals at dead of night
To count, and gloat o'er his treasures bright,
Who, while others riot in joy or sleep,
Adds something more to his shining heap;
Whose priest, whose god, whose law divine
Is the yellow ore of the mint and mine—
Is he not bargained for? is he not sold
To the cunning merchant-trader, Gold?

The man whose principles are bought,
Who bribed, will yield up honest thought;
The godless parson, who buys his cure
For the sake of tithes, not the souls of the pure;
The statesman, who grasps at power and place;
The lawyer, who cheats with a smiling face—
Are they not bargained for? are they not sold
To the reckless merchant-trader Gold.

Feelings and friendship, love and truth,
Honor and virtue, age and youth,
Creeds and craftsmen, senates and kings,
Down to the meanest of human things,
Body and spirit, matter and mind,
Must go in their turn to raise the wind;
For all are bargained for, all are sold
To the ruthless trader, Merchant Gold.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE UNKNOWN.

A TALE OF ITALIAN JEALOUSY.

BY S. HALL.

You must know that I was married, signor—it was to Bella, the beautiful daughter of Captain Angelo. Heaven! she was beautiful! I say heaven, because she reminds me of heaven. We, painters, never could express such beauty—unless it was Raphael. I feel her, even now, in the celestial morning, when it comes over the lake, offering me the incense of a purer atmosphere. Its very purity reproaches me, after tossing all night with my thoughts, and tearing my flesh till it bleeds. I thought, signor, I never could be jealous of Bella when we married. I swore never to be again, a thousand times, when recovered from my burning fits of jealousy.

The signor may begin to suspect I was not an amiable youth. He is mistaken. I was all softness of heart, and never did an unkind action. My fault was rashness; my father often warned me, lifting his finger, "Bartolo, beware of rash conduct!" The least suspicion of wrong was enough to kindle within me the fiercest fires of resentment.

Once during the first months of our marriage, I left Bella on a visit to the city. I knew that a man was hovering about the secluded neighborhood of the lake. Sometimes I had met him in a little fish boat, with his hat and coat off, rowing. He had long flowing locks of black hair, great liquid eyes, infinitely unhappy in their expression, and lips of power and sweetness. Sometimes I encountered him in the woods. Then he wore a half jaunty, half mourning, small embroidered cap, and a hunting-shirt with a fringe—the two together gave him quite an air of romance, a half brigandish aspect. He always bowed coldly—I, haughtily—when we met. Thus we made no acquaintance.

While from home that once during the honeymoon the image of the handsome unknown haunted me day and night. I trembled a hundred times an hour at the bare thought of him and Bella.

"How foolish!" said I, to myself, "to leave such a stranger in the neighborhood."

"How foolish," said my other self, "to feel any alarm about Bella; is she not true as Toledo steel?"

Returning, I stole around by a bridle path to the house. I looked this way and that, and paused to listen, started at the crack of a twig or the flight of a bird, ran frantically towards an object stealing through the thicket—and which proved to be a peaceful peasant. I reached the cottage, and looked first through the window; Bella was sewing, but dressed as if expecting some one. "Ha!" hissed I, "it must be *he* that she expects."

I knocked at the door, instead of bounding in as I would have done but for jealousy. Bella told Lizette, the maid: "If it be any one besides Bartolo, remember I am not at home." Overjoyed at this, I dashed on and caught Bella to my heart.

"I knew you would not stay longer than a week," said she.

Pretty soon I went out to look at the cattle and fruit trees. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards before I caught sight of the unknown. He turned away. I, who a moment ago, was all re-assurance and joy, was again hurled down the pit of suspicion. I had sooner been in the grave, with my own dust stuffed between my teeth.

Passion's first impulse was to follow the stranger and slay him; but my father's frequent charge of rashness fell upon me like a palsy. Sick, faint, terrified and agonized, I went on to gaze vacantly at the plum trees and to pat my Arab stallion—a gift from Captain Angelo just before he died. Bem rubbed his nose against my breast, as if he snuffed the pain and fain would console me with his brute affection. I began to love the horse. The stranger never again made his appearance at the lake.

When our child came into the world he had black hair, large, liquid, unhappy eyes. His countenance was noble; he looked a little like me; but more—ah! much more—like the handsome unknown. Was it fancy? I had ere this overcome my suspicions.

"The stranger," said my other self, "found himself an unintentional intruder on private grounds, and with true delicacy, withdrew as soon as he discovered it."

But when our little boy came into the world, I began to renew an early question: "Why did Bella tell Lizette to admit no one but me? Had not some one else been there before? She must have thought it unsafe for him that day."

More cruel thoughts time and Bella's devotion had put to death; but now they arose from the grave. I was fearfully unhappy. Everybody is unhappy. There is something to torture every heart. We all try to look happier than we are. I tried it no longer. Bella knew now I was a man-hater; her happiness was gone.

"I can but do my duty and die," she said, "since I no longer make you happy. Will you never tell me what it is?"

"What is what?"

"That which has changed you so; that which makes you so miserable."

As I had never had the least confirmation of my suspicions I did not dare to tell her; for I knew then she would despise me—and to be despised by Bella!

"No," said I, to myself, "I will wait until I can take revenge—on her—or somebody—on all the world."

I purchased a quick poison to give the child, but had not the badness of heart to administer it. Then I bought a different kind; one that would consume slowly. My soul revolted at the thought of revenge on an infant.

"Let it live to curse them," said I.

"Be ashamed," said my other self; "rise above your unjust suspicions, throw off the shackles of fear—be reasonable."

I sold the lake villa, and we moved into Parma. Madly I plunged into literature, until it ceased to have any charms. I had plucked the branches of every fruit, every flower, every leaf, and threw it from me; but I had gained a name and was a lion in society. Bella went little into company. She was prudent, while I was rash. My flirtations became the talk of the circles, the sport of idlers, the laugh of gigglers.

The cavaliers now began to approach my wife. I knew how scornfully she flashed back the least advance. In spite of me, my other self exclaimed, "Nothing can corrupt her." But one day I had just turned the corner nearest to my house, when I saw a man step quickly from my door. I saw not his face; it was turned the other way; but I knew the gait, the form; the *tout-ensemble* convinced me it was the unknown. I leaped forward after him. Bella was at the window as I passed. I gnashed my teeth at her. But this very act, the first cruelty I had shown her, my beloved, reproached me instantly. Besides, her pale face gleamed like a spear into my heart as the reproach of my father rose up with its warning fore-finger shaking at me, "Rash Bartolo, beware!" I hesitated, halted, turned into my own home.

"Who is he?" I demanded, sinking on the sofa.

To my astonishment, Bella replied:

"I cannot tell, Bartolo."

I jumped up furiously.

"Do you pretend you do not know that man?"

"I do not know him. Let go your fierce hold on my arm!"

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"What did he want?"

"I do not know."

"What did that man have to do in my own house?"

"I cannot tell you, Bartolo."

"You will pretend next, signora, that you did not see him at all," said I, with a sneer—a sneer ill fitting the features of a man of generosity; the husband, guide and protector of a wife and child.

"I did see him," said Bella, with a tender voice. "He did not speak, but he did do something which in honor I am not to reveal."

"Honor! ingrate!" I said in a tone so deep and harsh it must have troubled heaven, and set all the fiends below in a great glee, as I think now, when I think how I should have treated my Bella—the gift of God.

Bella came and sat by my aching side, so pale and hushed that I wonder I had not wit enough to perceive that a change was weighing on her heart, that she had some honorable purpose to execute in the teeth of appearances, that she would rather die than live, but that keep her secret she must. Fool! I thought her emotion nought but the conviction of guilt. I felt that Bella had no right to do anything without me. I felt resentful, even when most calm; when out of humor, I could have killed her, as an adulteress. Still, her pale face and deep silence touched every generous chord of my nature. Signor, you observe what a fickle, purposeless man the changes of my keen sensibilities rendered me. During the half hour on that sofa I may be said to have died. Until then I had kept up some connection with life. After that, I walked in the grave—I sat in my winding-sheet—I felt the clods of the valley on my heart. Signor, he who addresses you is indeed no more.

At night, when our little boy lay on the white breast of his mother, and the two were asleep, and the moon came in with her lily lips and kissed them, they looked so unearthly that I was often troubled to see whether they were not both dead. The thoughs was father to the wish; but I dared not send Bella to the other world. She was so angelic I knew that she was some great power, some queen in the hierarch beyond the grave. And when I should go there, how could I ever bear to meet her? But the boy, the image of him who had slain my happiness and rifled my honor? I could let the boy die, and I swore his father should soon keep him company in the shades.

The child was full of life, and tossed restlessly through the night. He had a particular habit of flinging his head over the side of the bed, and shaking his little baby hand. The arm of Bella was all that held him from falling out. One night I contrived to remove her arm, gently and by slow degrees, so that she did not awake. As the boy began to slip from her, Bella felt it instinctively, and drew the child closer. But I inserted my left arm within hers, and the mother slept on satisfied. Then there was the noise of a fall. Bella started upright in the bed. A little guttural scream was all she caught; but she missed her babe.

"Bartolo!" she shrieked, reaching down from the bedside.

"What is it?" I inquired, with a yawn.

"The baby has fallen out of bed!"

I sprang out with alacrity; but she had already drawn the little holy innocent to her bosom. I lit the lamp—our child had broken his neck!

Bella fainted. Then, signor, she went into the mad-house, where she died. In my own arms she breathed her last, and the world gave me great credit for devotion—for grief, to distraction—and said the loss was likely to affect my reason. And indeed, signor, I was at times so fiendish as to gloat over my crazy wife, paying the just reward of her own crimes.

The funeral came on. Among the mourners was the unknown. The obsequies no sooner ended, I saw him fling himself into a carriage and drive away furiously fast. I ordered my coachman to follow as if wrath or the evil one were at his heels. As the carriage jolted me over the stones, I clutched the seat, fixed my teeth, and felt like a savage lion about to spring on his prey.

"He shall not escape me *now*!" I growled.

His coach drew up in front of the ducal palace itself. The unknown alighted and hastened up stairs through the porch, between the guards, who presented arms; he disappeared; I dashed frantically after him. The sentinel seized me.

"What do you want?" demanded the officer of the guard.

"To learn who that man is—to send him after those whom he has murdered!"

"Who are you?"

"A bereaved father—a widowed husband—Bartolo!"

"You are an assassin."

"Take me before the duke."

I was thrown into a dungeon. Imprisoned, I was a prey to horrible suspicions. I looked upon all that had passed at the mad-house as a farce, gotten up to trick me. I could already see my wife removed from the tomb, awakened from the deep sleep in which they cast her, to impose upon my senses, to counterfeit death, to give her to him. I could see her clasped in the arms of the unknown. Jealousy is more cruel than the grave, signor; it haunts the imagination and gnaws the heart, even after the grave has closed over the object of suspicion.

In less than half an hour the door was thrown open by the guards with a crash, and in walked the handsome stranger, dressed in a costly suit of mourning.

"Tormentor!" I said, shaking my chains; "not satisfied with driving me to crime and the verge of demoniac madness, you throw me into a dungeon, and then come to satiate your cruelty with the sight of your victim's passion and pain!"

The stranger shook his head with mournful deprecation, and was mute.

"Coward!" I gasped. "But free me from these chains, and let the sword decide which killed Bella—you or I!"

The stranger seemed greatly moved.

"Do you mock me with pretended grief for Bella?" I asked, in an altered but still angry tone—angry, for I was only bent on seeing mischief continually in that which proceeded from him.

The unknown seemed entirely unable to repress his emotions. Yet he uttered not a word to the last, but as he turned away gave me a look that plainly expressed some pity—or was it gratitude for nothing more than the softening of my voice? The door shut to, leaving me involved in deeper misery than ever.

"My persecutor is there," I said. "Some powerful nobleman, dwelling on terms of intimacy with the duke himself."

My despair grew black.

Almost instantly after his departure, the door re-opened, the guards came in, my chains were struck off and I was taken out of the cell.

"Am I free?" I asked.

"That would not be safe, nor right," sounded an unknown voice behind me.

They led the way through several corridors, and finally brought me to a narrow passage open to the sky between two walls. A door opened to the right, and I found myself in a large casemate. I looked out through an embrasure upon a little flower garden, situated in the demilune outwork, fronting my new quarters, which were in the curtain between two strong bastions. This fortified side of the palace was hidden from the citizens passing hourly by a high wall and still higher trees.

In one corner of the room stood a camp bedstead, silver mounted. There was also a secretary near the window, in which I found some paper, stamped with a cypher; a travelling library case, filled with political, military and new poetical works, completed my accommodations. I was in humor for none of them. I threw myself upon the bed, stared long at the ceiling, and then shut my eyes tightly, to look if possible upon my heart. The sight was revolting! Seized with frenzy, I leaped up and began to look for some instrument of self-destruction. There was nothing at hand. I observed a closet door.

"Perhaps," said I, "there may be something within."

The door was locked. In striving to pull it open I wrought myself into a fury, and with my foot dashed the door to pieces.

"No object here, after all.—Stay! on the top shelf I see a small painting."

Were I dying, I could stay to look at a picture. I took it down.

"What! the picture of Bella!"

What a variety of feelings shook my frame! The sight of her, the thought of him who had undoubtedly painted her—the unknown; this, too, was his chamber. Suicide fled from my heart like a shadow before the sun-rays of these piercing emotions. "I have something yet to live for."

When a desperate man makes up his mind to live, he becomes a calm and rational being. The great fever on my brain subsided. I performed my toilet, and stepped out of the embrasure, down a flight of stairs, crossed the fosse and walked up the ramp which led to the flower garden in the demilune. Here I conversed with my flowers—I say mine, because to look at a flower in the moment of its fullness of beauty, is to take possession as completely as if the actual owner were present and gave you *livery of seisin*. I plucked the brightest and most beautiful. Conscience! conscience! in every one of their faces I saw the eyes of my infant, or the white, crazed face of my wife! I looked up to the sky. Out of every fleecy cloud gazed down upon me those two reproachful, ghastly countenances. Such is the distortion of guilt, that even the gentlest and most beautiful things, signor, turn into shapes that frighten us.

Shuddering, I retreated to my casemate and threw myself upon my knees to implore the All-Pitying, to plead with him the cause of jealousy, infatuation, madness, and to invoke the blessed virgin. Though both veiled their faces, I arose somewhat calmed, or stultified; took down some books and tried in a rambling manner to read. Here I fell into a dreamy void, out of which the guards startled me. Leaving my supper, they withdrew in silence.

And night came, with the glaring, horrid moon, which I vainly strove to curtain out from my embrasure. Seizing a pen, I began to dash off some lines of a merry call—sparkling, leaping, mad with humor. On pausing a moment, I glanced at the top of the page and saw I had begun it "The Pleasures of Murder." Starting from the secretary with a curse, I went to the window looking on the narrow passage. This was about eight feet wide. The opposite wall was much taller than that of my casemate. "Part of the palace wall proper," said I.

In the third story ran a suite of bedrooms, for there were the windows. In one of them gleamed a light. The idea of another human being in his bedroom filled me with interest.

"He, too, may be miserable," said I; "avoiding the companionship of man voluntarily."

As I gazed upward, the shadow of a figure crossed the window. It came again. The man was pacing his apartment. Good! "Misery loves company." I felt a nearer fellow-feeling. He now paused at the window, and looked down at mine. "Is it? Yes, it is the unknown!"

O never, signor, saw I such a sorrowful visage. "Who knows whether cruelty and wrong would not often be glad to change fates with their victim?" thought I. And I began to pity, or at least despise my persecutor. I threw up towards him such glances of hatred and contempt that he quickly turned away.

Antonio, my brother, came with Lizette. Until now my heart was stony hard, standing alone in the desert of woe. The confiding guief, the pity and condolence of these two unsuspecting hearts was the rod which smote the rock. I wept with them—they little knew why."

"But for what am I confined?" I asked of Antonio.

"For—for—lunacy. The duke expresses much sorrow at your having been thrown into a dungeon, and declares you shall be kept and cared for beneath his own roof, until—"

Fools! all believed me mad.

"We have come to share your temporary captivity," continued Antonio.

"And to nurse you ourselves," said Lizette.

"I am not mad."

"So much the better," said Lizette.

"I need no nurses."

"But you want a companion," said Antonio. "I will remain with you."

It was not without much difficulty I persuaded them to go home again. I went to-bed, resolving in mind some scheme by which I might reach the apartments of the unknown.

I fell into a nervous sleep. The moon came creeping, creeping towards my bed, with its white, wan fingers, to clutch me. It had gained the chair on which my clothes were lying, when the door opened, and a figure entered with a long bright stiletto in his hand. He glared savagely at me, and whetted his lips, as it were. He began to advance towards me. In the middle of the room he paused. Again he moved forward, till, gaining my bedside, he stood over me, whetting his lips again, and raising the stiletto. I dragged the counterpane over my face, thinking, in his uncertain aim, he might miss my heart. Then, suddenly changing my mind, I threw the counterpane up towards his face and jumped with my whole force upon him.

Signor, I found myself standing in the middle of the room, its sole occupant. Was it all a dream? I looked at the chair on which lay my clothes, the moon had not advanced a finger's breath. O, the rapidity of conscience-troubled dreams!

After long tossing in wretchedness, I again fell asleep—or was I still awake?—when another figure rose, as if from the floor, and the unknown stood boldly before me. What had I just exclaimed the moment before? "Bartolo! the baby is falling out of bed!" The unknown must have heard this. Now he is convinced of my guilt. Now or never I must strangle him!

But, signor, much as we hate, much as we ache for revenge, the conscience within makes us fearfully weak in the presence of him who knows we have wronged him. I lay panting, passionless, trembling, nerveless with remorseful agony. His face was pale as the crucified One, and if possible, more sorrowful. He seemed in the light of the ghastly moon to be transfigured into the angel of woe. I covered my mouth with my hand. After regarding me awhile with such a penetrating gaze that I felt myself rent apart and read to the inmost soul, my visitor turned mutely away, vouchsafing me no sign, save a shake of the head, which meant too plainly, "Yes, he is guilty—not mad." And the word "guilty, guilty, guilty!" rang through the rest of the night. It took a palpable form; I could even see it rolling along the arched ceiling, down the sidewalk, into my ear, till it griped my heart.

Next morning I waited only to be cast again into the dungeon. But with the morrow came the court surgeon. His attendants were men of strength, and evidently anticipated a good struggle, for, besides their vials and globules, they brought ropes and a straight jacket. But I talked so rationally with the physician that he dismissed them. We talked the news of court and country, and feelingly deplored the failure of the late attempt of Italy to regain her freedom.

"And now," said he, rising to depart, "I shall hasten to the duke, and in a few days, at most, I hope to meet you in your own house."

"Doctor," said I, "what little bird is that on your head?"

The doctor looked blank. Then—I suppose to humor his patient—he said:

"Nothing here."

"O, sir, you are deceived. Believe me, it is a little monster."

Now he laughed with feigned heartiness. I had gone far enough to escape the straight jacket, and yet to remain where I was, at least till I could settle accounts with my unknown foe.

The question was to *get at*, and not go from, the palace; to leave my own room and reach the chamber of Bella's lover—no further. My door could not be forced, my window was heavily barred with iron, but the walls and wainscot bore the traces of antiquity. I surmised that at one time there may have been some secret communication with the adjoining rooms. I therefore began to sound every part of the casemate; the walls, the wainscot, the floor, presented to the touch no hidden spring.

"Perhaps I have been too fast with the court surgeon," was my thought. But I had not yet examined the closet. I opened the door, trembling to see again the face of Bella. The picture was gone! The unknown! had he taken it last night? Then that vision was not all a dream. He must have gone to the closet ere I awoke and saw him.

"He is—he is aware of my guilt! Not a day to be lost. Another hour may find me in the dungeon accused of murder—self-convicted!"

The closet stood in a little niche or arched recess. There must be, thought I, another casemate beyond. I pressed my hand against the back of the closet; my fingers touched it at every point. At last, to my joy, I heard the click of a spring. I pressed harder; beheld a zigzag crack in the wall! My heart thumped violently. To tell the truth, I had worked with little hope of success, and was scarcely prepared for it.

"Shall I proceed? Shall another crime blot out the first?"

My answer was a kick against the plastering, which strewed it over the floor. There was an ancient panel. I soon made a hole large enough to admit my body through the plastering covering the panel beyond, and stood in the next casemate. It was strewn with rubbish, old arms and armor. Good! I selected a valuable sword.

The door was locked like my own, but the window was not barred. At any moment I could be out in the passage between the ramparts and the palace. This was even more than I had dared to hope, when, hesitation banished, I stood in the closet with the stern resolution to break my way through stone partition walls to the presence of my enemy. I returned to my chamber to wait only for the dark covering of night.

Night came. I shuddered and began to cover my eyes with my hands to shut out the twilight shadows and the terrible ghosts that at once beleagured me. How I could have spent another night there I do not know. I fancied, signor, cold mailed hands were upon me, creeping up my loins towards my heart. I saw faces on the ceiling, and cried out, "Away! away!" I heard a noise—something fell from the bed. I dared not look underneath, lest to behold there my infant, with its neck broken, its dead tongue and dead eyes lolling at me, and worst of all, its little hand shake as it used to shake.

Yet here I waited in a cold sweat till there should be a light in the unknown's chamber. At last—for it seemed an age—the light appeared. I darted through my closet, stumbled over some rusty armor, which gashed my leg, and caused me to leave a trail of blood, vaulted through the window and found myself in the passage. I saw at one end the door at which I had entered from the palace the day before. On I stole in the shade of the high wall; but the door was locked. Back I flew to the other end. Here was a little postern gate, barred on the side towards me. Removing the bars, I pursued my way in the dark, through a subterranean gallery. On the right as I groped, I touched a door.

"This," whispered I, "must lead to some mine under the demilune."

Not hesitating, I passed by without trying the door, and soon came to steps, at the top of which was another door.

"Here am I now," said I, taking breath, under the centre of the palace. "Doubtless it will lead me, if I choose to go, to the private apartments of the duke; certainly to any other part of the building."

I put my ear to the keyhole—not a sound. I felt a sort of exhilaration at being here, and paused to enjoy it still further.

"By this door," said I, "a tyrant might escape from the hands of his incensed people; or, conveying powder through the galleries that probably lead to mines in every direction, he might blow up thousands at once. And who would scruple to do that for his revenge?" I laughed and began to feel a new sympathy for tyrants.

Then it flashed across my mind that none but the duke himself can keep the key of this important door; it must lock, too, on the other side. I hastened to try the lock. Fury! the fates are against me! I must now retreat through the dark as far as the side door I had left. The moment I turned my face that way there rose before me all the ghosts of the casemate, backed by a legion of others, grinning, one over the shoulder of another—above them all, the phantom hand! I closed m
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ted by such delusions. But there
lusions more vivid than the most ap
ties. In spite of myself, my knees
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"A lie!" I yelled, raising my sword

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I have never spoken to her, although
daughter—"

"You are insane," I interrupted.
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tain Angelo."

"Who was an officer in my housek
at my request, adopted the child—
none. My marriage was a secret.
state compelled me to divorce; and
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"A likely story, sir!" laughed I,

"And who are you?"

"Charles Albert, ex-king of the Pied
he replied, in a cold, grave manner.

The likeness to the ex-king's picture
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What fortune the ex-king had saved
to bestow on his grandchild, my boy
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this without making himself known.
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The prior of Lake Villa ceased his
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MAHOGANY.

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Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, in
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for ballast. The doctor was then b
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but found it too hard for the tools; bu
ter he wanted a candle box made, and
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pleased with it that he had a bureau m
and the fine color and polish induced h
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Duchess of Buckingham begged the
some of the wood, and got a cabinet
make her a bureau also. After that the
mahogany was great. No other wood
—*Scientific American.*

REMARKABLE PIECE OF MECHA

Rev. John E. Edwards, of Richmon
Geneva, Switzerland, visited a jewelle
city, and says: He set out on the
box, mounted with massive gold, on t
which there was a large enameled tab
ently just bursting into full bloom. H
a little spring, and suddenly the flower
into full bloom, and from the heart o
sprang up a sweet little bird, of golden
which began to flutter its tiny wings,
as I have thought, and sing but a real
flesh and bones could do; so cheerful,
like; opening its little beak at every n
really singing a bird song, such as is n
heard singing out in the dewy repos
morn. The price of this box was one
dollars!

FRAILTY.

As I grow older, said Goethe, I becom
lenient to the sins of frail humanity. T
who loudly denounces, I always suspe
knows too much of crime to denounce
creature unheard, a knowledge which
be obtained by criminality itself. The
always strives to divert attention from
wickedness by denouncing, unsparingly
others. He thinks he shall seem "goo
act rude as he makes others seem bad."

all, the phantom hand! I closed my eyes and shut my teeth fiercely, resolved not to be victimized by such delusions. But there are some delusions more vivid than the most appalling realities. In spite of myself, my knees shook and refused to go; my teeth chattered.

"Fool!" I gasped, sinking on the cold steps, "what a desperate man to beard the unknown!"

It refreshes one to call himself hard names. I soon gained strength to use my sword point as a lock pick, and at length succeeded in turning back the rusty bolt. Quick as thought I slipped through the door and shut it on all the goblins. But being close to the wall I set out to explore the palace. Lights soon appeared, people were coming. I clutched the wall frantically. Fortunately a door gave way and let me into a bed chamber. The footsteps died out, and I ventured forth. The hall terminated at the foot of a wide, winding stairway; that mounted, a short passage brought me to other stairs; then a corridor, at the far end of which was a window, through which the moon came streaming. Going to this window, I looked out to see which way it faced with reference to the ramparts. Yes, I am on the same floor with the unknown! This suite of rooms overlook my casemate; that one where the line of light lies on the sill is his room. Shall I burst in, or have the politeness to knock? I knocked. No answer. I knocked louder; still no answer. I thrust open the door—the unknown stood before me, with flashing eyes, and a pistol levelled at my breast. Aside from danger, his leonine, kingly aspect would have overawed a man of nerve. Involuntarily I dropped the point of my sword, demanding, in a surly tone:

"Who are you?"

"The best friend of your late wife."

"A lie!" I yelled, raising my sword.

He fired ere I could make a step. A quick numbness in my sword-arm caused the weapon to drop, and my antagonist planted his foot upon it. He took another pistol from the table as coolly as you would lift a glass of wine. Said he:

"I had resolved to have no further speech or intercourse with living man. Where most I sought people's good I have met with most misunderstanding, abuse and treachery. I gave my own state its freedom, and called on the rest of Italy to rise. All Italy betrayed me. I failed, and renounced power voluntarily, seeking only to linger out my term of life in the soothing company of Nature. Chance led me to your lake. I avoided, sir, both you and your wife. I have never spoken to her, although she is my daughter—"

"You are insane," I interrupted. "Everybody knows that Bella was the daughter of Captain Angelo."

"Who was an officer in my household; who, at my request, adopted the child—he having none. My marriage was a secret. Reasons of state compelled me to divorce; and even that was kept secret."

"A likely story, sir!" laughed I, scornfully. "And who are you?"

"Charles Albert, ex-king of the Piedmontese," he replied, in a cold, grave manner.

The likeness to the ex-king's picture was irresistible. I dropped upon my knees. He raised me at once, pardoned my assault, looked after the wound, and his influence with the duke, to whom I confessed my crimes, and sent me forth into the world a free though sorrowful man.

What fortune the ex-king had saved he wished to bestow on his grandchild, my boy; but despising the gratitude of man, he sought to do this without making himself known. Admitted to Bella and the child, he placed upon his breast the star of nobility and a deed of his estate—with such demonstrations of the imperious necessity of secrecy, that without saying a word himself he gained his wish; but O, at what expense, signor!

The prior of Lake Villa ceased his story. I felt that there was for him at least one consolation: should the Great Dispenser look benignantly on the use he has made of the fortune left his child, a cloud of those whose sufferings he has relieved on earth will rise up in heaven to marshal him into the presence of those he had so deeply loved and wronged.

MAHOGANY.

The manner in which mahogany first came into use, in the mechanic arts, is thus related: Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, had a brother, a sea captain, who was the first that brought from the West Indies some mahogany logs to London for ballast. The doctor was then building a house, and tried to work in some of the stuff, but found it too hard for the tools; but soon after he wanted a candle box made, and got a cabinet maker to use some of it. He was so well pleased with it that he had a bureau made of it, and the fine color and polish induced him to invite a number of his friends to see it. The Duchess of Buckingham begged the doctor for some of the wood, and got a cabinet maker to make her a bureau also. After that the rage for mahogany was great. No other wood excels it. —*Scientific American.*

REMARKABLE PIECE OF MECHANISM.

Rev. John E. Edwards, of Richmond, now in Geneva, Switzerland, visited a jeweller in the city, and says: He set out on the counter a box, mounted with massive gold, on the top of which there was a large enameled tulip, apparently just bursting into full bloom. He touched a little spring, and suddenly the flower expanded into full bloom, and right in the heart of it there sprang up a sweet little bird, of golden plumage, which began to flutter its tiny wings, and sing as I have thought nothing but a real bird of flesh and bones could do; so cheerful, so birdlike; opening its little beak at every note, and really singing a bird song, such as is sometimes heard singing out in the dewy copse at early morn. The price of this box was one thousand dollars!

FRAILTY.

As I grow older, said Goethe, I become more lenient to the sins of frail humanity. The man who loudly denounces, I always suspect. He knows too much of crime to denounce a fellow creature unheard, a knowledge which can only be obtained by criminality itself. The hypocrite always strives to divert attention from his own wickedness by denouncing, unsparingly, that of others. He thinks he shall seem "good in exact ratio as he makes others seem bad."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

O, HUSH THAT SONG!

BY MILDRED MONTROSE.

O, hush that song, that gentle song;
'Tis bringing to my heart
The memories, as we glide along,
That I fain would bid depart.
For an icy stillness had gathered o'er
My weary heart and brain;
But those words have awaked that hidden love,
In its anguish wild again.

O, hush that song, for the lips that breathed
Those words to my listening ear
Are far away, and that cherished voice
I shall never, never hear.
I strove to forget in the busy world,
And to hide my soul's deep pain;
But memory with redoubled strength awakes—
O, sing not that song again.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CHILD-ARTIST.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

THERE was a low, timid knock at Mr. Hilton's back door, which after some little delay was opened by a girl who was busy in the kitchen preparing tea. She felt in no good humor at the interruption, and her feeling of ill-temper were not ameliorated, when she saw, standing on the door-step, a little, poorly-clad girl, from whose face, suffering and want had blotted out all that freshness and bloom, which always gives a certain charm to the features of childhood, even when they have no pretensions to beauty, or to delicacy of outline.

"I expected to find a beggar at the door, and aint disappointed," said Minda, the girl who opened the door. "What do you want?" she inquired, in a sharp, angry voice.

A quick blush passed over the child's face, and there was a deprecating look in the dark, mournful eyes, which were raised to Minda's.

"I thought that, perhaps, you would give me one of those fine peaches for my brother," said she, pointing to a tree which grew near the garden fence, and whose boughs were bending beneath their burden of luxurious fruit, now glowing in the light of the evening sunbeams.

"It is a mighty modest request for a beggar to make," said Minda. "If you want a piece of bread, I'll give it to you, but who ever thought of giving beautiful ripe peaches to such as you?"

"Winnie is sick, and has been begging of mother all day to buy him a peach, but she hasn't a penny in the world, so I told her that perhaps some one would give me one for him."

During this colloquy a child seven years old, her head covered with soft, brown curls, and her blue eyes unconsciously filling with tears, stood at the door, which opened into the kitchen, earnestly listening. When she heard what the little girl last said, she darted up stairs and entered the room, where her father, who had returned home half an hour earlier than usual, was reading the newspaper to her mother, while waiting for tea. She approached her mother softly, and whispered some request. Mrs. Hilton gave a smiling assent, and the child with a joyous bound had already nearly reached the door, when her father looked up from his paper and said:

"What is it, my daughter?"

"There is a little girl at the back door, who wants a peach for her sick brother, and Emily wishes to give her one," said Mrs. Hilton.

"May I?" said Emily, addressing her father.

"Yes, a dozen, if you please."

"Then I'll fill my little willow basket with them. It will hold full a dozen, I know it will. If I could only reach some of those large ones at the top of the tree, that look so ripe and mellow."

"I believe I must lend you a helping hand," said Mr. Hilton, laying aside his newspaper.

"O, I can hear Minda shutting the door now. She has turned her away. But never mind—I can overtake her."

The next moment Emily stood at the outer door of the kitchen. The little girl, with a drooping, sorrowful look, and tear-stains on her pale cheeks, was just closing the gate.

"Come back," said Emily, "and you shall have plenty of peaches for your sick brother, and for yourself, too. I have got leave to give you this basket heaped up full."

"Have you?" said the girl, in a quick, earnest voice, which was full of joyful surprise.

"Yes, and father is going to gather me some of the largest and ripest ones."

Mr. Hilton, at this moment, made his appearance, and placing a garden-chair beneath the tree, to enable him to reach the higher limbs, the little willow basket was not only soon filled, but plenty of them which had accidentally fallen, were lying among the grass. Emily, in the meantime, had selected some sprays of the bright green peach leaves, which she quickly arranged among the glowing fruit, heightening by contrast its rich, delicious hues, and making it appear more tempting.

"There," said Emily, handing her the basket, "I want you to carry it home just as it is now, because the peaches look so beautifully among the green leaves, it will make them taste better."

The look of sadness was now all gone from the little girl's eyes, and instead, they sparkled with delight, as she placed the basket on her arm, dropped a courtesy and murmured her thanks.

"Mother loves to look at whatever is beautiful," said she, "and so does Winnie. He always smiles, when he sees the ray of golden sunshine stealing in at the top of the window. He drew a bird one day with a piece of charcoal, and he is going to draw another, as soon as he can get a piece of paper."

"Stop one minute, and take some peaches to eat by the way. Here's plenty of them," and Emily put as many into the little girl's hands, as they would hold.

"Wont you tell us your name, my little girl, before you leave us?" said Mr. Hilton, approaching her.

"Ella Selby, sir."

"And you have a brother who is sick?"

"Yes, sir, he has had a fever, and don't seem to get over it."

"How old is he?"

"He will be ten next month."

Mr. Hilton's next care was to ascertain where the girl lived, which he wrote down on a blank leaf of his pocket-book.

"There's something strangely familiar about that child's face," said Mr. Hilton, when he had returned to the room where his wife was.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"I can hardly tell, though if those large, dark eyes of hers had been in company with a pair of rosy cheeks, I should say that she resembled Catherine May, who used before I was married to live in the neighborhood of my old home."

"Was she ever married—this Catherine May you speak of?"

"I don't know. It is, now, many years since I lost sight of her. At any rate, I was much interested in the child who came to the door to beg a peach for her sick brother, and after tea, if you would like to accompany me, I thought we would call and see if the family cannot be put in a way to earn a better livelihood, than I should judge they were able to do at present."

Mrs. Hilton was in favor of the proposition, so, as soon as tea was over, and little Emily in the midst of pleasant thoughts about Ella and the peaches, and numerous plans of her own for the girl's future pleasure and comfort, had dropped asleep, they prepared themselves for a walk to Mrs. Selby's

"This must be the house," said Mr. Hilton, stopping in front of one of those cheap tenements built for the express purpose to let to poor families.

All doubt on the subject was terminated, by seeing through the window, the curtain of which was a little drawn aside, the basket of peaches on a small table, at one side of which sat a boy evidently employed in sketching it. He had a pale, thoughtful face, and earnest withal, which was now lit up with a glow of enthusiasm, as could be seen, from time to time, as he raised his head to look at the basket of fruit he was drawing. A woman sat near, sewing by the same candle that afforded light to the child artist, but her face was turned from the window, so that Mr. Hilton was not quite certain that it was his old acquaintance, Catherine May. Ella stood just back of her brother's chair, her lips parted with a smile, as she silently watched his progress.

"I wish I were an artist," said Mr. Hilton, "and I would reproduce this scene on canvass. The quiet, graceful attitude of the mother, the beautiful and spiritual face of the boy, and Ella (who by the way, I believe, has a spark of the same fire in her bosom, which is already kindling in his), with her unconscious, though cordial and appreciative smile, would form a sweet home-picture, poor and humble as are the surroundings."

Mr. Hilton now rapped at the door, which was opened by Ella. She started a little at sight of him, but at once recovering her self-possession, invited him and Mrs. Hilton to enter. Mrs. Selby rose and went forward to meet her unexpected visitors. A glance showed Mr. Hilton that, as he had suspected, it was Catherine May, the friend and acquaintance of his earlier years. The recognition was mutual. Her history, since they last met, was quickly told. She married a young and promising artist, who by his talent and industry had already secured a competency, when, contrary to his better judgment, he was persuaded to invest his capital in Eastern lands. These looked very fair and tempting on paper, but when he came to trace out their boundaries on *terra firma*, they proved to have as little real existence, as the mirage of the desert. He was not discouraged, for there was one at his side, ever ready ☮ speak words of cheer and encouragement; but ere by redoubled diligence, he had time even partially to recover from the false step he had taken, he was stricken by disease, which in a few days proved fatal.

It was, now, several years since his decease, and for the last three months, owing to the severe and protracted illness of Winnie, they had suffered much from want and privation.

"Winnie," said Mrs. Selby, "had employment as an errand boy, at the time he was taken sick, which obliged him to be out in the storm as well as the sunshine, while he was often obliged to carry such heavy packages, as to task his strength too severely. He used, when his father was alive, to sit hours at his side, watching the figures on the canvass, momentarily glowing into more vivid life beneath the pencil. It was thus that the love of art was silently and imperceptibly implanted in his bosom."

It was even so. The bud was already glinting forth, destined, one day, to expand into the flower. As Ella had said, he loved everything which was beautiful, and the contemplation of a star, a flower, or even a golden sunbeam, which at a certain hour, peeped over a shed that stood opposite, and then stole in at the top of the window, afforded him exquisite delight.

The bird sketched with a bit of charcoal was produced, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilton were surprised at the skill of hand, and the delicacy of touch which it exhibited.

A little brown bird which often hovered about the back door, had served him as a model, Mrs. Selby said, and it proved to be quite a faithful likeness of the original.

"You would like to be an artist then," said Mr. Hilton, turning to the boy, after listening to these few particulars, told him by Mrs Selby.

"Yes, sir," was the quiet answer, but the sudden flush that overspread his countenance, and the lighting up of his eyes, showed how deeply the question moved him.

"Your wish shall be gratified," said Mr. Hilton. "As soon as you are strong enough, I will see that you are placed under an able master."

Fourteen years, with their burden of care and sorrow, brightened now and then by a few gleams of sunshine, have merged into the past.

"There, the light is better here—much better," said a young man, removing a picture that hung against the wall of a small, elegantly furnished apartment, and placing it so as to avoid the cross-lights, which came in from the two opposite windows. "Don't you think it is, Emily?" said he, addressing a lady who stood looking at the picture.

"Yes, much better," she replied; and as she stood with her head a little thrown back, the light of her violet eyes beaming from beneath their long, silky lashes, and the rich, brown curls falling back from her forehead, no one could have failed to remark the resemblance between her and the child of seven years old, represented in the picture, who stood beneath a peach tree, holding a little basket of wicker work, into which a fine-looking gentleman was dropping some of the fruit, gathered from the boughs over his head.

Another child whose appearance formed a striking contrast to hers, stood near the garden fence, the tears which still hung on her eye-lashes brightened with smiles.

"But what have you here, Edwin, so carefully covered?" said Emily.

"A companion for the picture we have been looking at. I made a rude sketch of it when I was only ten years old, which, in compliance with your father's request, I have recently transferred to canvass."

He removed the cloth which covered it, and revealed the home-picture, which Mr. and Mrs. Hilton had many years previously gazed upon through the half curtained window of Mrs. Selby's humble domicile.

"I should know those large, earnest eyes, anywhere," said Emily, indicating a boy who was sitting at a table, sketching a basket of peaches. "But in every other respect you have altered, if I except that somewhat proud curve of the upper lip."

"I little thought," said he, "as I sat there with my piece of coarse paper and bit of charcoal, that hidden among the fruit I was copying, was a golden key which would open to me so bright a vista in the future. How sad would have been my destiny—how sad that of my mother and sister, if she who is now my wife, had not obeyed the warm impulses of her generous nature. Truly, the angel stirred the waters of the fountain at the right moment."

THE MAN ON THE ICEBERG.

"Ir is a man!" said the captain, handing his telescope to the mate, after a long, steady look; "and he seems frozen hard and fast to the side of the iceberg."

"Keep her away, cried the skipper. "So—o—o. Steady!" and by thus altering our course we brought the iceberg right a-head.

The iceberg had been in sight since the weather cleared at midnight, when it looked like some high, rocky headland, except that, by watching the bright stars behind it, we could see its gigantic outlines swaying solemnly and majestically up and down. There was something sublimely grand in the slow, stately movement of such a mass. There it floated, large enough, had it been land, to have been the dwelling-place of hundreds of human beings. The lower part was of so deep a purple as to look almost black; but higher up, it shaded off to a bright azure, then to a light, pale green, while on its lofty summit strange and slender spires and pinnacles, and pieces of thin, transparent ice, worked into all manner of fantastic forms, and either of crystal whiteness, or tinted with beautiful pale pink. There were bays and promontories, caves and grottoes, hills and dells, with every variety of light and shade. The island was almost equally divided by a great valley running through its centre. This was half filled with snow, which thawing slowly in the sun, formed the source of a watercourse, at a height so great that it was blown and scattered into fine rain before it reached the sea. Around its base—on which the sea was breaking with a noise less booming and more musical than when it dashes on the solid shore—was a broad band of frozen spray, which, glittering in the sunshine, looked like the silver setting of an enormous sapphire.

Not far from the top, and on the side nearest to us, was a vast, smooth, glassy plane, inclining very gently and slender spires and pinnacles, and pieces of thin, transparent ice, worked into all manner of fantastic forms, and either of crystal whiteness, or tinted with beautiful pale pink. There were bays and promontories, caves and grottoes, hills and dells, with every variety of light and shade. The island was almost equally divided by a great valley running through its centre. This was half filled with snow, which thawing slowly in the sun, formed the source of a watercourse, at a height so great that it was blown and scattered into fine rain before it reached the sea. Around its base—on which the sea was breaking with a noise less booming and more musical than when it dashes on the solid shore—was a broad band of frozen spray, which, glittering in the sunshine, looked like the silver setting of an enormous sapphire.

Not far from the top, and on the side nearest to us, was a vast, smooth, glassy plane, inclining very gently towards the sea, and terminating abruptly in a tremendous overhanging precipice. In the very centre of this plane, those among us who had good eyes could see a small, black spot. It was at this, the captain had been peering through his glass when he said, "It is a man!"

Every glass in the ship was in requisition, and every eye strained towards one point. The excitement became almost frantic, when one of the watchers suddenly exclaimed that he saw the man move his head.

We approached; so near that the plateau above, and its dread object, were at last hidden from view by the brink of the precipice itself, which seemed about to roll over and crush us. We sailed along the side, frequently lying-to, to explore each nook and corner, as we passed. The farther end of the island, when we rounded it, presented quite a new feature; the base was sapped away and undermined for nearly half a mile, by a succession of low, cavernous hollows, extending inwards farther than we could see, while the sea rushing in and out tumultuously, made the pent-up air within howl and whistle like a hurricane. Altering our course again we steered almost due west under the southern side, where its vast shadow spread out far and wide over the ocean. It now looked even grander, darker, more fear-inspiring, than before, with the sun beaming over its rugged crest, or shining through the thinner parts, and showing the prismatic colors of the rainbow. The form of the ice-island was that of an irregular triangle, and in about five hours we had sailed completely round it. But there was no single point at which any boat ever built could have landed, even had it been dead calm, and the sea as still as a mill-pond; much less in such a heavy surf as was then foaming and creaming all around it. No sign of living thing was seen, excepting one great sleepy seal, that had crept into a hole just above water-mark and lay here as if he was in comfortable quarters. No sign of boat, or spar, or wreck. It was a picture of utter desolation.

We bove-to again, at the nearest point from which the man on the iceberg could be seen. He lay on his back with one arm folded in an unusual manner under his head, the whole attitude being one of easy repose; indeed, had it not been for the markly look of his face and hands, we could have fancied he was sleeping soundly. He was clothed as one of the best class of seamen, in rough blue pilot cloth with large horn buttons; he had no hat, and by his side lay a small boat hook, to which was tied a strip of red woollen stuff, apparently a piece of the same which he wore around his neck. This, no doubt, the poor fellow had intended on the heights as a signal. In such a thin, clear atmosphere, with the aid of a powerful telescope, even his features might be plainly traced, and his iron-gray hair was seen moving in the wind.

The second mate stoutly declared that he recognized the man—he was quite sure of it—an old chum and shipmate of his with whom he had sailed many a long voyage, and some part of whose wild, varied history he told us the next evening. What seemed to convince him more than anything, was the peculiar way in which the dead man's arm was stowed away under his head—his old shipmate always slept so, even in his hammock.

Numerous and strange were the conjectures and remarks made by officers and men. Who, and what was he? How long had he been there? How did he get there? The general conclusion was that he was one of the crew of some vessel wrecked upon the iceberg itself, of which no vestige remained.

"Yes, like enough," said one of the sailors; "she run into the ice in the dark, and went down like a stone, same as we may have done any time these last six weeks."

"Perhaps he was aloft when she struck, and got pitched up where he is now."

"As like to be pitched into the moon," rejoined another, contemptuously. "Why, that ere precipice is three times as high as the tallest mast ever rigged."

"Perhaps, now," suggested a third, "it's some awful cruel skipper, who's been a hazing and ill-using his crew till they couldn't bear with it any longer, and was drove to mutiny, and put him ashore there all alone, to die by himself, so that they should not have his blood upon their hands; or maybe he was a murderer."

"Ah, Bill," growled out a previous speaker; "you've always got a good word to say for every one, you have."

It was a very old man who spoke next, one who was looked up to as a great authority in all such matters, although he was usually remarkably taciturn, and would never enter into an argument. He quietly deposited his quid in his hat; and, as this was always done preparatory to his making a speech, his shipmates waited in silence for him to begin.

"That there ice-island," he said, at last, "was not launched yesterday, nor yet last year, nor the year before, perhaps; and by the looks of him he's been for a pretty long cruise in warm latitudes—last summer, maybe—and then come back home for the winter. If you look away yonder, there, just this side of that high point like a church-steeple, only lower down, there's a place that looks darker than the rest. Now it's just there, I expect, that a great piece has broken off and drifted away; and I calculate 'twas lower and more shelving off—not so steep and rocky-like as it is now. 'Twas there that poor chap was cast ashore from ship or boat. He was trying to make his way up to the heights to take a look around, and hoist a signal, when he lay down and went asleep, and never woke again; only, where he is now, you see, must have been covered with snow then, or he couldn't have kept his footing."

Having said thus much, he replaced the quid in his mouth and spoke no more. There was no earthly use of waiting longer, and yet the captain seemed loth to give the order to fill and bear away.

"If the poor fellow had a spark of life in him, he would have moved before this, for it's six or seven hours since we first saw him. But if he did move, it would only be to slide down over the precipice, for no living thing could keep a footing on such a slope as that. And if there are any more of them we should have seen them before this time, although we could never get them off if we did."

Then pausing suddenly in his walk on the quarter-deck, he gave an order to get a gun ready forward, and presently came the answer:

"All ready with a gun, sir."

"Fire!"

In a few seconds the echo of the loud report resounded from the icy wall; for another instant all was still, and then came a noise like the rattling of loud thunder, proceeding from the centre of the berg.

The danger of our proximity to this vast object now became more and more apparent, and all sail was made to get a good offing. But we had barely proceeded a quarter of a mile, when the same noise was heard again, only louder, more prolonged, and accompanied by a rending, crushing sound, the intensity and nature of which is perfectly indescribable. The vast island was parting in the middle, down the course of the sea, upheaving what had been its base, in which were imbedded huge masses of rock covered with long seaweed. The other part still remained erect, but was swaying to and fro, as if it also must capsize. The convulsion caused less foam and turmoil than might have been supposed, but raised a wave of such tremendous magnitude, that when it reached our ship she seemed about to be overwhelmed by a rolling mountain of water higher than our mast-heads. The good ship rose upon its crest, and before again sinking into the hollow, we saw the man upon the iceberg still in the same position—glide swiftly down the slippery incline—shoot over the edge of the precipice, and plunge into the raging surf.

A sensation of inexpressible relief was experienced by all; it had seemed so dreadful to sail away and leave him there, unburied and alone; now, at any rate, we had seen the last of him.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as the respect and reverential love of woman-kind. A man who is always sneering at woman, is generally a coarse profligate or a coarse bigot.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

PRAYER.

Ex-medi rector unæ.

BY ROBERT B. MCKAY.

Guardian angel, from the realms divine—
List, O list unto this prayer of mine;
It 's for one, for whom with love I pray,
That forever round her path thou 'lt stay.
That when she, by woe her head doth bow—
And life's gloom is gathered on her brow,
When the world unfeeling pass her by,
And glances, they are cold from every eye—
When she has doubts, and journeys on in fears,
Be thou near to wipe away her tears.

In all life's wanderings may she there find rest
For trials on thy bosom, O thou spirit blest—
May thine be by her, though still thou be unseen,
That she may turn to thee, and there may comfort glean.
Let her not drain life's dregs—that bitter cup—
But with a kiss raise her from those harsh trials up;
Plant the rose, and from it take the thorns,
The rough way smooth, nay it for her be worn—
For this I ask, that all like it may be—
For this I pray—O grant in love my plea.

Be thou, O spirit, ever be thou there,
To guide her footsteps by thy heavenly care;
That she may reach that land of pure delight,
When this has vanished from her earthly sight;
When death has brought its work unto a close,
And she sleeps silent in her last repose,
When the cold grave has opened for her here,
And friends and mourners weep beside her bier—
Crown her with beauty fresh—no more to pass away,
Like that the spirit held within the form of clay.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE OVERSEER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

One of our friends, Mr. Remond, on visiting the coal mines of Cornwall, noticed a young overseer named Williams, whose quick intelligence and correct language struck him. Mr. Watson, the director of the mine to whom he mentioned him, said: "He is a young man who has always done his duty."

One morning, as he was on his way to the house of a neighboring gentleman who had invited him to join a fox-hunt, Mr. Remond perceived Williams seated at the door of a pretty cottage, which seemed to be his dwelling. The young overseer rose at his approach and saluted him with dignified politeness. Mr. Remond stopped and commenced a conversation with him.

After having asked him several questions about the labors in the mine, the quality of the coal, its abundance, the modes of extraction, etc., he asked him if he was a native of this country.

"Pardon me, sir," replied Williams; "I am from the country of Wales."

"A poor and noble country," observed Mr. Remond.

"Noble, I confess," replied Williams; "for our schoolmaster has often related to us acts of courage and devotion performed by our ancestors in defence of their liberty; and as for poverty, I know it by experience."

"You have then been poor?"

"And I can say that poverty is a kind though hard mistress, sir; but for her I should not now have been overseer in the mine of Mr. Watson."

"How so?"

"It is a long story, sir."

"Will you not relate it?" asked Mr. Remond, smiling.

Williams excused himself, asserting that there was nothing in the narrative which could interest a stranger; nevertheless, at the urgent request of Mr. Remond, he consented. He offered him a seat, and commenced:

"There were four orphans of us, without any other resource except the wages of our eldest brother John, who served in the king's ships; he sent them to us regularly, and it was enough to pay the board of my two young sisters and little Richard. As for me, I was already seven years old, and I kept flocks on the hill.

"Everything was therefore going on well, and the old woman with whom my brother and sisters boarded went every month to the city to receive the money sent by John. But one day —I remember it as if it were yesterday—I was descending the hill and making a whistle of elder for little Richard, when I saw her returning with an agitated air.

"'What is the matter, Mother Kitty?' exclaimed I.

"'O, it is you,' said she, as she perceived me; 'well, what am I to do for my sixteen shillings and sixpence?'

"'How!' exclaimed I; 'have you not received the money from John?'

"'John!' repeated the old woman; 'he has fallen from the mast-head—the unfortunate boy!'

"'And is he hurt?'

"'He is dead.'

"I am not sure that I comprehended perfectly at first all that is comprised in this word —*he is dead*; but it seemed to me that I received an inward blow. I sat down mechanically on the road without speaking, and like an idiot.

"'Yes, dead!' repeated the old woman; 'and I have lost my sixteen shillings and sixpence. Ah, you may well weep, boy—you may well weep!'

"But I did not weep; I repeated to myself, in a low tone: 'John is dead? John is dead?' without understanding it. I scarcely remembered having seen my eldest brother; I knew him only by the good he had done us. So he was for me less a good man than a good genius. In all difficult cases, in connection with all remote hopes, I was accustomed to say, 'if John wills!' as one says, 'if it is the will of God!' John was for me a protecting and beneficent power to which I had not given a body, so that I could not associate his memory with the idea of death.

"Meanwhile, after having remained for some time seated on the road, I rose slowly and directed my steps towards the cottage of old Kitty.

As I approached the door, I heard little Richard crying, and the harsh voice of the old woman, saying: 'You have already eaten more bread than I have been paid for!'

"At this moment, I crossed the threshold, and saw my two sisters standing in the most obscure corner with Richard sitting at their feet. Instead of the porringer of soup, which usually composed their repast, each held in her hand a piece of dry and brown bread baked for Mother Kitty's chickens. At this sight, I burst into tears. I had just began to comprehend the signification of the words, 'John is dead!'

"The following days enlightened me still more. Old Kitty diminished, at each repast, for my brother and sisters, the allowance of brown bread. At last she came one day to the house of the farmer where I served, and said in my presence:

"'I have resolved not to keep these children any longer.'

"I started at this assertion.

"'And what do you intend to do with them, Mother Kitty?' asked I.

"'Make them do what I should soon have to, beg!' replied she.

"'Ah,' exclaimed I, 'you will not have the heart to send away the poor children whom you have brought up, and who have hitherto looked upon you as their mother!'

"'Then find a way to feed four mouths with what is only sufficient for one,' replied the old woman. 'I would rather abandon the orphans to the charity of all, than see them suffer. Necessity renders me hard, and I feel that I should hate them if I kept them longer.'

"I did not reply, for I could think of no reasoning which would affect Mother Kitty. O, if I had but strength like my brother John! But unfortunately, I had hitherto been able to earn only my clothes and two new pairs of shoes a year!

"While I was thus sadly reflecting, the conversation between Dickson and his old neighbor had continued.

"'If we lived near the coal mines,' said the latter, 'the oldest of the little ones might work in them.'

"'It is a sad life!' observed the farmer, shaking his head.

"'I know it, but it pays well, and what she could earn would almost suffice to feed the other one and little Richard.'

"I was struck as with a ray of light.

"'But there are coal mines eight miles from here!' exclaimed I. 'I can work there, and give you most of my wages, if you will keep the three children.'

"'You do not know what it is to work under ground,' interrupted Dickson.

"'No,' replied I; 'but since others content themselves to live there, I will do so, for the love of my sisters and of Richard.'

"The old woman became thoughtful, and added, at the expiration of a moment:

"'There will still be three little ones to be supported by the labor of one.'

"But Dickson replied that if I would go to the coal-mines, my eldest sister should take my place, so that Mother Kitty should have but two boarders. It was settled; and the very next day I set out for the mines, after having first embraced my brother and sisters.

"Dickson was right, sir, in saying that I did not know what it was to labor under ground. At the first instant, when I felt the basket in which I was seated descend into the pit, and saw the sun disappear, it seemed as if I was entering a tomb. But it was different when I arrived at the gallery where the people were at work. I perceived there a swarm of men, naked to the waist and entirely black. Some were on their knees, others crouching, many extended on their backs, and all working in silence by the light of the lamps. There were also among them children occupied in rolling cars on the rails, or opening and shutting the doors of the galleries whenever a barrow went out. I was destined to the latter employment.

"I was stationed at the extremity of a niche hollowed out in one of the sides of the gallery, and a cord placed in my hands, by means of which the door was to be opened and shut. This labor was not at all fatiguing; but my isolation, the forced silence which was its consequence, especially the darkness, filled my mind with sadness. Imagine, sir, a young boy accustomed to live among flowery heath and moor, to see the sun rise and set in the fields, to run wherever his feet could carry him, suddenly condemned to immobility, to darkness, and to the burning atmosphere of these subterranean regions. During the two first days I attempted to oppose my will to my sensations; but at the end of that time, my will yielded. I gave way to discouragement; I wept sometimes for whole hours, ceasing only when I had no more tears to shed. Nevertheless I resolved to persist. I said to myself:

"'Your brother John died laboring for these little ones; work like him, even though you should die also. It is your duty!'

"By means of repeating these words, I recovered courage; then fearing lest my depression should return, I did as timid children do who draw the quilt over their eyes that they may not see—I ceased to look around me. I tried not to think, and at last pulled my rope mechanically without knowing what I did.

"This lasted some months; but at the end of this time, I perceived that my mind seemed entirely asleep, and that I could not rouse it when I attempted to do so. I heard one of the overseers say one day, as he passed me:

"'That boy is becoming an idiot.'

"This word struck me. If I should become an idiot, how could I support my sisters and my young brother? What should I be good for, and what master would employ me? I resolved to shake off my stupidity and to arouse my mental faculties. The difficulty was to find an occupation which would interest me without reviving my sadness. I began by counting the barrows, laden with coal, which passed me. After having counted the number passing in an hour, I attempted to calculate how many would pass in a day, in a month, in a year. Then I remembered that there were days of rest, and I subtracted them; I multiplied the number I had made by that of the galleries whence an equal quantity of coal was taken, divided the total into three parts, and thus learned the revenue of each of the owners of the mine. This problem modified in a thousand ways, daily renewed, accustomed me to perform in my head all the customary arithmetical operations.

"Then I grew weary of arithmetic, and began to think of something else. I had a Bible in which I had been taught to read when very small. I began to learn it by heart during my hours of rest, and, when I returned to my niche, repeated the passages I had learned; I attempted to explain their meaning to myself.

"I even amused myself by tracing letters in the air with my finger, which made the men who passed with the barrows laugh. It was thus, sir, that I learned to express myself more correctly, and that I acquired some knowledge of grammar and orthography, which I afterwards sought to perfect.

"About this time some of the places for children became vacant, and I was employed in the galleries. The labor there was more difficult, but better paid; and one was at least not condemned to inaction. I continued to observe and to reflect, interrogating the oldest miners on what I saw, and attempting to retain the information which they had acquired by experience. These lessons were especially given me during our hours for repast, or in the morning on our way to our work; for we left the mine every day and night to return to our families or boarding houses, and in the morning must return to the mine before sunrise. I had been thus three years without perceiving the sun, and without seeing the fields which I crossed daily; only on my way to the mine in the morning, along the wheat fields, I sometimes gathered a few flowers, which I carried with me under ground, to remind me that there were above still daylight, air and flowers. I am almost ashamed to relate to you these trifles, sir, but you will soon see why.

"We took at mid-day a repast, at which all labor was suspended, and for which the children were accustomed to assemble at the bottom of the place of descent, where there was a little daylight, and whence one could see a piece of the sky, scarcely as large as one's hand, but blue and transparent.

"One day when I was there with the rest, I proposed to a little girl, called Jenny, to come and see a passage which had been opened that morning, and which, it was said, led to a new vein. She followed me, and we entered, creeping into the passage, which was already twenty feet deep. Arrived at the end, I raised the lamp which I had brought to see the direction of the passage, and was beginning to repeat to Jenny the explanations which the overseer had given me, when suddenly a heavy crash was heard at a few steps. Jenny turned, with an exclamation of terror; almost at the same instant the roof fell behind us, and we were buried beneath the crumbling earth.

"I cannot tell you, sir, how long I remained as if stunned; but when I returned to myself, I was seated at the end of the passage in profound darkness, but uninjured. I extended my hands to find Jenny—she lay at my feet without motion. I called her, for I dared not stir; she replied by a groan. The poor child had scarcely recovered her senses. At last she appeared to hear me; I felt her rise, and she asked me where we were.

"'Buried in the mine,' I replied.

"She raised herself up as if she remembered all, and uttered a cry. I felt my own courage about to forsake me; but I said to myself that it would be disgraceful to let Jenny see my weakness, since it was my duty to encourage her. I began therefore to console her as well as I could, assuring her that we should soon receive assistance from the miners.

"Nevertheless, hours passed away without producing any change in our situation. Twenty times I heard blows of the pickaxe, indicating that they were opening a passage in our direction, and twenty times recognized my mistake. At last I calculated that night had come, and that the miners must have gone home. It was impossible that they should not have perceived the falling in of the mine, but no one had seen us enter there, and it might be many days before they would resume their labor of digging in that spot. This idea took away all my remaining force. I thought of the brave John, who died as I was about to die; of my sisters, of little Richard, and my tears flowed; only I wept softly, not to afflict Jenny.

"Night passed, day came, and nothing appeared. I began to feel the need of food; I sought for the bit of bread which I had not finished the night before, and was about to eat it, when Jenny, who had for some time been silent, said, in a faint voice:

"'I am hungry.'

"I thought that she was younger and weaker than I, and gave her the bread which remained. But hours rolled away, and air began to fail us. Jenny began to talk as if feverish. Sometimes she wept and called for help; at other times she laughed and sung: her songs and laughter troubled me more than her tears. Meanwhile, I sought to turn her mind to joyful ideas. She thought herself in the country gathering ears of wheat and braiding straw, as she had formerly done. I had given her a bouquet of dried mint, which I had found in my pocket, and she said constantly:

"'Do you smell the beautiful perfume which comes from yonder? It is the border of thyme which Mother Potter has planted near her hives.'

"But I ask your pardon, sir, for passing so long on these details. When we have been exposed to a great danger, all the memories connected with it are precious, and we end by thinking they must interest others equally.

"As I had feared, our accident was not suspected until the third day; they then began to remove the rubbish cautiously, and drew us from our tomb almost dying. The air and the attentions bestowed upon us recalled us to life. Mr. Watson then visited by chance the mines of Wales. He wished to see Jenny and I, and the former related to him our story. He appeared satisfied with my conduct, proposed to me to accompany him and became my patron. Thanks to him, sir, I have been able to support my sisters and little Richard, become overseer, and marry Jenny, who has always remembered the bit of bread and the bunch of dried mint."

Mr. Remond had listened to the story of Williams with much interest; when it was finished, he pressed his hand.

"I thank you for your recital," said he; "it is once an instruction and example. You have proved by your conduct that there is no position so desperate that one may not be extricated from it by courage and patience, and with the help of God."

A LIVE SNAKE IN A LIVE MAN.

The San Francisco Golden Era says a gentleman, whose name we did not learn, arrived in this city from the Sierra Hill, recently, for the purpose of procuring surgical advice in relation to the possibility of removing from the stomach a large snake, which has inhabited that locality for the past fifteen years. Exactly at what time the reptile was taken into the stomach, the sufferer is not aware. He first felt its presence in the vicinity of the kidneys many years ago, and the pains experienced, although sometimes acute and troublesome, occasioned no alarm until about two years since, when one day feeling quite unwell, he placed his hands upon his bowels and distinctly felt the snake crawling within him. Since then it has grown enormously, and has attained a length of at least fifteen feet, and a size around the middle of five or six inches. Its proportions can be pretty accurately ascertained, as its entire shape is fearfully obvious to the touch. It is quite active, and possesses an insatiable appetite, judging from the amount of food and water consumed by the sufferer, who is continually parched with thirst, and has unfrequently requires from three to four gallons of fluid daily. Through the recommendation of an Indian, he has lately found great relief from his incessant thirst by drinking water liberally diffused with vinegar. He has made several ineffectual attempts to dislodge the "varmint" by starvation and the free use of stimulants. On one occasion he abstained from both food and water for three days, in the hope of bringing the occupant to some sort of terms. The first day the snake became very uneasy, the second boisterous, and the third, furious, but still the man held out. At the end of the third day, however, his snakeship commenced an attack upon the walls of his prison, with what appeared to be a tolerably full set of teeth, and the result was an immediate supply of food more agreeable to both parties. As may be supposed, the man is reduced to a perfect skeleton under the extreme torture of mind and body preying upon him night and day; but he does not despair of finding a surgeon in the city sufficiently skilful to make an incision in the abdomen and remove the reptile. We have read of similar cases, but this is the first that ever came under our own observation, and we hope it may be the last, for we have felt "all overish" ever since.

HOW WATCHES ARE MADE.

The rough part of the movement, called blanc, is made by water power, which costs a trifling sum. A number of young people have each their parts assigned to them; others put the plate and wheels together, and when a great number are ready, the master fills a couple of bags, and loads the back of a mule. If he has not enough to counterbalance the weight, he puts on a couple of large dresses, and so he goes to the market in the village or small town, and offers his goods to little master watchmakers, or to salaried apartment makers and finishers, who complete the movement. These cottagers are almost all free-holders, and possess small plots of land attached to their houses, which they cultivate in the summer, and in the winter they shut themselves up with their families, and work during the inclement season, with snow on the ground and frost on the pane, which lasts three or four months, and when fine weather again appears, the travellers buy the movements, and case them in silver or gold. A family of six children will by this means respectably forthe same expense as a single workman in London. Not only do the children work, but the dog turns a wheel, and puts in motion a lathe or a pair of bellows. At Geneva, where everything is dearer than in the mountains, the labor is twenty-five per cent. higher. Consequently, in England, with heavy rent and taxes, and the dearness of the necessaries necessaries, it is impossible to compete with the Swiss manufacturers.—*Baltimore Sun.*

PULVERIZED DIAMONDS.

For the last few years powder has been much worn, both in the hair and on the skin. We have had, under monarchy and the first empire, white, pink, gold, and silver powder, but it was reserved for the reign of the second empire to introduce powder of pulverized diamonds. This extravagant luxury has been actually worn this season by several of the *elegantes* of Parisian fashionable life; it gives a beautiful lustre to the complexion, and nothing can be more becoming than the hair lightly powdered with this precious dust. It is calculated that a sufficient quantity for an evening's toilet amounts to many hundred francs. We are told that patches are coming into favor again. The "patches" on the cheeks of the belle of a century and a half ago, were assumed in order to give consolation to a princess suffering from natural eruption; certainly, the fair complexion of the beautiful empress cannot serve as an excuse to cover the bad taste of the dames of our day, who are endeavoring to revive this unnatural addition to the toilet.—*Bath American.*

HAIR TURNED BLACK.

Two of our lady friends were grading, the other day, Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." We intended to say that one lady was pretending to read it aloud to the other lady. No woman has the nerve now to do, or ever will be, capable of listening without interrupting. So that, at the very commencement, when the reader read the passage—

"Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears—"

the listener interposed as follows:

"*Wait!* How odd, to be sure! Well, I know nothing about men's hair; but there is our friend, Mrs. G——, of Twelfth Street, the lady who has just been twenty nine years old for the last fifteen years—her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense, that her hair turned completely black in the course of four hours after the occurrence of that sad event."—*Courier.*

THE NEEDLE.

The earliest record of needle-making in England is in the year A. D. 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII, and it is supposed that this useful branch of industry was introduced by a Moor from Spain. The historian Stowe tells us that needles were sold in Cheapside, and other busy streets in London in the reign of Queen Mary, and were at that time made by a Spanish negro, who refused to discover the secret of his art. Another authority states that the art of making steel needles was lost at the negro's death, but was afterwards revived by a German in 1566. Probably these facts may account for the crest of the needle-masters' coat of arms being the head of a negro.—*Bizarre.*

Jester's Picnic.

"Mr. Showman, what is that?"

"That, my dear, is the rhynoceros. He is cousin German or Dutch relative to the unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and misery-more. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his own will, which accounts for his low spirits when he is melancholy or dejected. He is now some what aged, although he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. There on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survay the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ringtailed monkey, a havisant that can stand hanging like a feller-critter only it's reversed."

Old Roger and the Brahmin Poo Poo, on an evening last week, went up a long flight of steps in order to find a meeting they were desirous of attending, as it found themselves in the ante room of a female temperance lodge.

"We must get out of this," said Roger, as the Brahmin made a demonstration of staying.

"Why so?" said the Brahmin; "I am no ardent spirit, that they need exclude me."

"No," said Roger, "but you are an outsider, and all sorts of elder are under ban here."

"Well," repiid the Brahmin, "if that is the case we must be on our tape," and they went down stairs.—*Boston Post.*

A lady made a great sensation in Broadway the other day by starting a new fashion in bonnets. Instead of wearing her bonnet on the back of her head—where no one could see it—a gorgeous Johnny carried it behind her on a crimson velvet cushion. The result was, that every one could perceive she had a bonnet, and the lady herself had not the bother of carrying it. The effect was considered extremely light and airy.

A stranger riding along the road, observed that all the mile stones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a country man and inquired the reason.

"O, bless you, sir," replied the man, "the wind is so strong sometimes in these parts, that if we were n't to turn the backs of the mile stones to it, the figures would be blown off them, clear and clean."

A young British officer in India, who was shockingly mutilated and disfigured in battle, after mature reflection, requested a comrade to write to his betrothed in England, and release her from the bridal arrangement. Her noble answer was worthy of a true woman: "Tell him if there is enough of his *body* left to contain his *soul*, I shall hold him to his engagement."

English barristers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their client, by speaking in the plural number:

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a luminary of the Western Circuit, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the tap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station house in a state of intoxication."

An Out and Out Trick.—(To be played in an omnibus). If asked to go outside "to oblige a lady," plead as an excuse that you would, but you dare not, for "you only recovered from the typhus yesterday," and instantly there will be room for the lady, as every gentleman present will, all of a sudden, be only too glad to go outside.

Jones, who is a plebeian and extremely fat, was asked why he went into the army.

"Why, you see," answered the appoplectic hero, "the weather was so plaguy hot, that I couldn't get cool anywhere—so I thought I would buy a commission, and try what effect the cool shade of the aristocracy would have upon me!"

Top-lofical.—A lover wishing to concentrate his ardor in one burst of passion, lets off steam in the following outburst of genuine sublimity:

"O, Angelina Theodora Augusta! I feel towards you like the burning bush that Moses saw—I in all afire but haint consumed!"

"Julius, was you ever in business?"

"Of course I was."

"What business?"

"A sugar planter."

"When war dat, my colored friend?"

"Der day dat I hurled dat old sweetheart ob mine."

A jolly old darkey down South bought himself a new shingy hat, and when it commenced raining he put it under his coat. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied:

"De hat's mine: bought him wid my own money; head 'longs to massa; let him take keer he own property."

"I stand," said a western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be my arm if I desert 'em!"

"You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

The Power of Money.—"If I was worth a million of dollars," said one friend to another the other day, "I'd throw that infernal at your head."

"If you were worth a million," was the reply, "you might, with my consent, throw lukestands at my head all day."

Little Facts worth Knowing.—When a man has a very red nose, it never, by any chance, arises from drinking. He who arrives late at a dinner party, after the company is seated down to table, generally escapes from the bother of carving.

OUT OF SPIRITS.

"Sure, my wife's out of spirits," said John with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite out, sir indeed," said his son, who stood nigh,
"*For she finished the bottle* this morning."

How to Make a Fashionable Bonnet.—Take a handful of artificial roses, each of a different color; half a dozen yards of ribbon, ditto; and half a dozen yards of lace. Scrape the whole to your bump of acquaintance with the long pins, and the article is complete.

Claret wine is very eastly made. To a gallon of spoilt cider, add three cents worth of logwood to give it "package." Bottle and sell at a dollar a bottle, and not a man in town will suspect that he is not drinking "the best claret that comes into the country."

The debating society of Spring Garden recently, after a very animated discussion on the question "Whether a gal has a right to say no before she is axed," decided, by nearly a unanimous vote, that "*she hasn't.*"

Passenger—"Doctor, if I go on getting no better, what shall I be good for when I get to Australia?"

Doctor—Why, you're just the man we want to begin a graveyard with."

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VOL. XI.

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THE ROLL

A Romance of the Rev
Days o

BY FRA

Author of "The Gold Fiend," "The Cur

CHAPTER I.

THE RIVALS IN LOVE.

On a dark summer night, in the year
in the city of Paris, there was visible,
of a massive building, in the most ari
quarter of the capital, a single lighted
on the second story, contrasting with t
of all around it. The interior of the
in which burned this solitary radiance
cealed by a curtain that occupied the wh
work. In the rear of the mansion th
guished, was a large garden filled with
ornamental trees, laid out in rectangul
adorned with statues and fountains, and
ed by a high wall surmounted with a d
of iron spikes. The rays of light fro
cond-story window, intercepted by the
but feebly illuminated the foliage in the i
vicinity. All was hushed around
and earts had ceased to rattle through t
and only the footfall of the patrole echo
remote distance.

But in the mysterious bush and dar
the garden there was one person—a ma
wrapped in a cloak to protect him fro
fluence of the night-air, stood watching t
nated window-curtain with intense
Nor was his vigil unproductive of results
on the clear field of the smooth drapery
the dark silhouette of a female figure,
tionless, and now moving to and fro w
apartment. Thereupon the watcher in
den threw a pebble against the glass
the attention of the inmate of the room.
ly the shadow became stationary in the
the curtain. The midnight visitor, wh
was, then sung in a low but sweet voice,
lowing verse of a serenade:

"There's a shadow on the earth,
There's darkness on the sky,
But there's a brightness in the heart,
And love-light in the eye;
And then however, lady fair,
When the stars are veiled above
And dull eyes are closed in sleep—
'Tis the mystic hour of love."

As the strain died away, the curtain
drawn, the casement opened, and the lad
attention had been thus wooed, bent
window sill, and in a low sweet voice, pro
the single word "Armand!"

A smothered imprecation, inaudible
lady, was uttered by the singer—but he re
the question in low and guarded tones
own true lover."

"But how imprudent, Armand!" reme
the lady. "Your mother, the duchess, i
ed every moment from Versailles."

"We have yet time before us, Julie.
is a performance at the royal opera to-ni
lowed by a ball—and the festival is not t
ed yet. I stole away from the crowd of
in the royal circle, mounted my horse,
hither on the spur expressly to see yo
have so few opportunities of meeting—
so many spies with Argus eyes about u
me a brief interview here in the garden."

The young lady appeared to hesitate.

"I conjure you," added the supplicant.

"Be patient, Armand," replied the l
will join you."

The light and graceful figure disappear
the window, and a moment afterwards, a
door of the story was opened, and Julie
stole forth to meet her lover. He gras
by the hand and drew her away from the

"Thanks—thanks," he said. "I am
beyond my hopes."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the lad
is not Armand."

"Not Armand de Preville, the poor ch
the penniless younger son," was the re
ply; "but one who loves you better, Jul
elder brother of your patroness, Eugene
ville. You will not tell me that you pre
younger son to the titled head of the hou
chevalier to the marquis—the portionless
er and sympathiser with rebels, to the lie
colonel of the Royal Germans!"

"This—this, sir, is treachery—heartless
ery!" replied Julie. "Could you not f